

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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[PRICE 8 CENTS.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE, BY GRAY.

OUR readers must appreciate the engraving on this page of Gray's "Pride of the Village," one of the almost countless illustrations of "Irving's Sketch Book." The painting will be remembered by those who visited the last exhibition of the National Academy of Design, of which Mr. Gray is the honored Vice-President. He is a native of New York, born June 23, 1819, and a pupil of Huntington. After twice residing for considerable periods in Europe, he established himself in his native city. Of his numerous paintings the most highly appreciated are his "Pride of the Village," which we have engraved, "The Roman Girl," "Teaching a Child to Pray," "Cupid begging his Arrows," "Wages of War."

The touching scene depicted by his pencil is thus described by Irving: "Her poor parents hung in mute anxiety over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health. In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window. Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible; it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of heaven; it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church, the bell had tolled for the evening service, the last villager was lagging into the porch, and everything had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing upon her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover? or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered? Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage, he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation and sank back in her chair—it was her expectant lover! He rushed into the house and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form, her deathlike countenance, so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation, smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in agony at her feet. She was too faint to raise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness, and closed her eyes for ever."

The American artist has, like all his brethren whose pencils have been employed in illustrating the great work of Irving given the

highest effort of his genius and art. The painting is one of touching and quiet beauty. The dying girl, the heartbroken parents, cheerless, yet cheering, are portrayed with all the hand of a master, and the maiden sinking to the embrace of death is surrounded with an almost ethereal beauty, as she gazes through the window on the quiet churchyard where she is so soon to rest. The road along which the repentant lover is hastening tells its tale of him, who, in the thoughtlessness of gay frivolity and want of principle, crushed to the earth by the bare suggestion of dishonor the "Pride of the Village."

Irving has been most happy in having been so great a favorite with the children of art. The Artist's Edition of his Sketch Book is a marvel of genius and talent, but it does not contain all or nearly all the

works called forth by its pages, nor have they all devoted themselves to this alone. His Knickerbocker, Columbus, Bracebridge Hall have been the source of many a canvass that will be wildly competed for a century hence as works of the old American masters.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CREEK WAR.

THE romance of that war of 1813-14, which spread through Georgia, Florida and Alabama, and brought forth the genius of Jackson, is still unwritten. Though the red-skinned warriors that sprang to arms under the incitement of Tecumseh, and afterwards of Weatherford, the Red Eagle of the Muscogees, were even then considered as partially

civilized, yet when once adorned with the war paint they lost all memory but that of their aboriginal extraction, and denied as well as refused to receive mercy. Many were the incidents that have gone unrecorded, incidents that would have graced the pages of any novel, or told with thrilling effect by the winter's fireside; while again a few have come down in local legend to this day, and are told in the cabins on the Chattanooga, the Chicamauga and the Coosa rivers, with as much minuteness of detail as though occurrences of yesterday. Of these the story of Kalaya and Thoiuca appeals deeply to the sympathy.

Kalaya was a young chief of the Muscogees; lithe and handsome, always foremost in every point of danger, fearless in exposing his person, subtle on the trail, and wise in council, he had fair to be one, if not the first of his tribe. In one of the hundred skirmishes of the war, by an act of great valor he saved the life of the old chief Yarapea, and by this act first met Thoiuca, his daughter. To see Thoiuca was to love her, and Kalaya from the first moment of their meeting gave way to the most ardent passion, a passion that was returned by Thoiuca with all the reality of her nature. They were to be married during the first moon of autumn, and that time was only a few weeks distant.

One day there came to the village rumors summoning all the warriors to the war path, and Kalaya was first to respond. A band of pale faces were ravaging upon the banks of the Coosa, and like eagles disturbed from their nests, the Muscogees swept down upon them once, twice, thrice, and were as often beaten back with fearful slaughter. The white men pressed heavily upon them until the red warriors were driven almost upon their villages. At this moment, through sheer desperation, the Muscogees rallied, and turned the battle somewhat in their favor. Kalaya had become separated from his band, and was creeping stealthily through a piece of woods to join them, when suddenly he came face to face with one whom he knew in an instant as a prominent leader of the whites. They stood but a few feet apart for a moment, and then as though with a mutual thought, and with a shout of defiance they sprang together, and clenched with a fierce and deadly grasp. The white man was of gigantic stature, handsome face, and richly clothed in the half-soldier, half Indian costume of the better class of traders and volunteers of the border. His sinewy arm wound itself around the body of Kalaya like the folds of the anaconda, but in the young chief he had fully met his match, both in strength and dexterity. A few struggles they made, heaving backward and forward, for there was no time for the use of weapons, not even to draw knives, and then both fell, Kalaya uppermost, with his hand upon the white man's throat. Another minute and the struggle would have been over, the Muscogee the victor, when at the instant Thoiuca came flying through the wood from the direction of the village. The flying savages had brought intelligence to the village of their defeat, and



THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRY F. GRAY, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Tholues could bear no longer the agony of suspense, but was determined to seek her warrior lover, whether he might be among the dead or living. She found him with his enemy almost in the throes of death, and with womanly terror and compassion she was tempted to plead for his life.

"Spare the pale face, Kalaya, and let him return to his people, that he may teach them how much more merciful is the Muscogee than the white man."

The hand of Kalaya relaxed upon the white man's throat, for the request of Tholues was law, and he arose panting to his feet, and muttered some indistinct words of thanks to the maiden who had given him his life.

But he had seen Tholues, and her wondrous beauty struck at once all other feelings from his breast but a desire to possess her. He stood transfixed, gazing with a suddenly born delirium of passion upon the beautiful girl who had saved his life, and was only awakened by the quick command of Kalaya to depart. Then, with the rapidity of thought, he seized from his belt a pistol and fired upon the warrior, sending a bullet through his heart, and while scarcely giving time for the death struggle to cease threw himself before the motionless and horror-stricken Tholues, and declared his love, promising her, if she would go with him, protection and wealth.

While he was pouring out his wild, threatening prayer she stood like some statue, gazing upon the monster who had so suddenly and falsely shut out all the world from her, and then, as though resigned, said:

"The Muscogee is your slave. You have won her foully and treacherously, but the white man knows no justice or honor. I am the spoil that is given into your hands. You have asked my love! Before I can give it, bury from my sight the body of him whom you have slain!"

She stooped and kissed the dead lips of Kalaya, and then stood apart while the white man, with his broad hunting-knife, dug the grave of the Muscogee warrior, and laid therein the corpse. Then Tholues advanced to the edge, and giving a quick look at her dead lover, suddenly seized the hunting-knife from the white man's hand, and before he could move to prevent her plunged the long blade into her bosom, and fell forward into the grave upon the body of Kalaya, dead.

Frank Leslie's LADY'S MAGAZINE

Every Lady should have it.
—Montreal Transcript.

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE IT.—
Montreal Transcript.

The Attention of the Ladies is invited to the Opinions of the Press.

No lady who desires to be considered an *faire* in matters pertaining to the fashions can well afford to dispense with *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*. It is very cheap at \$3 per annum.—*Lyons Republican*.

It is brilliant in its wealth of fashion plates. It has nearly 40 full length female figures in the various varieties of costume, besides many other illustrations of the different articles of attire.—*Roxbury Journal*.

We have no hesitation in saying that it is superior, in every respect, to any similar publication in this country.—*Pontiac Jacksonian*.

As a lady's guide in the material and style of her attire it has no equal. It should be in every household.—*Lane Register*.

This publication is unsurpassed.—*Newport News*.

The literary department is well filled with stories.—*Delaware Gazette*.

It is one of those bewitching publications that everybody, especially the ladies, want to see.—*Matthias Union*.

Superb, entertaining and just the magazine for the ladies.—*Scranton Times*.

It is, without doubt, the best and most reliable fashion magazine published.—*Belvidere Intelligencer*.

Fully sustains its reputation as one of the very best magazines in the world.—*South Pier Democrat*.

In it the most complete fashion plates are found, and the department devoted to information of the ladies in reference to what is worn is more extended than in any like work.—*Ogle County Reporter*.

Aside from the magazine, the patterns furnished are well worth the cost of subscription.—*Fulton Republican*.

The unequalled manner in which *Frank Leslie* illustrates and explains the fashions renders his monthly the most desirable magazine in that particular of any in circulation.—*Tuftsont Gazette*.

Every lady should have it—*Montreal Transcript*.

The most complete and desirable lady's magazine published in this country.—*Noostook Times*.

Such profuse and brilliant illustrations of the fashions, and so clear and practical a description of them as *Frank Leslie* gives month after month, to the seemingly increasing delight of devoted readers, can be found in no other lady's magazine.—*Trenton Gazette*.

To be appreciated it must be seen and examined.—*Plymouth Republican*.

The literary department is of decided merit.—*Roxbury Journal*.

Every lady in the land ought to have it.—*Staunton Times, Wis.*

Its pages are replete with interesting and valuable reading matter, and the magazine is fairly crowded with illustrations of the fashions.—*Burlington Journal*.

It is, emphatically, the magazine for the ladies.—*Whiteside Journal*.

The proprietor seems determined to make it indispensable to every lady who is desirous of keeping posted in regard to the latest fashions.—*Plymouth Republican*.

It is the most elegant magazine published in the United States.—*Rhinebeck Gazette and Citizen*.

The reading matter is of the most unexceptionable character.—*Pennsylvania Argus*.

The fashion plates and engravings exceed those of all other periodicals, which is generally admitted by the ladies.—*Douphin Journal*.

The literary articles, nearly all of which are illustrated, are replete with interest, instruction and amusement, and cannot fail to please the reader.—*Delaware Gazette*.

The literary matter is well selected and elegantly illustrated with fine wood engravings. It surpasses any other magazine.—*Highland News*.

One of the most attractive magazines published.—*Brockport Republic*.

No other magazine can compete in the lateness or completeness of its fashion department.—*Camden Journal*.

The best lady's magazine of the day is *Frank Leslie's*.—*True Republican and Sentinel*.

This splendid work has taken rank far in advance of competition; we advise the ladies by all means to subscribe for this magazine, if superiority is an object with them.—*Pontiac Jacksonian*.

The leading lady's book of the country.—*Western Chronicle*.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best magazine for ladies that is published in this country.—*Muskegon Reporter*.

It stands foremost amongst the magazines of its kind.—*Shirleyburg Herald*.

It is the fashion magazine of the United States, containing every month a monster four-page fashion plate, besides many other illustrations of the latest modes.—*Guernsey Jeffersonian*.

The reading matter is always attractive and instructive, and being a complete gazette of fashion, is much sought after and studied by the fair sex generally on the Pacific coast.—*Tuolumne Courier*.

How so much can be afforded for 25 cents is a mystery.—*Brockport Republican*.

As we have repeatedly said before, we know of no similar work which we would prefer for the family circle to this.—*Daily Wisconsin*.

It is indeed a valuable publication.—*Owen County Journal*.

The ladies all admire this mammoth work on fashions, and it is not strange that they should do so, as it is a perfect gem.—*Kendallville Standard*.

No lady can be guilty of the crime of wearing un-feminine apparel who subscribes \$3 per year for this magazine.—*Smyrna Times*.

This is decidedly the most complete gazette of fashion now published.—*Fulton Democrat*.

Completely overshadows all other magazines of fashion.—*Portland Transcript*.

The fashion plates are the largest and most elaborate we have yet seen published in a monthly.—*Ottawa Union*.

The fashion plates are superb and faultless.—*Patriot Guardian*.

It is certainly unequalled by any periodical of its kind published in this country.—*Highland News*.

Every lady of taste should take this magazine.—*Wauhaw Argus*.

How any family can get along without it surpasses our comprehension.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

As a record of fashion this magazine stands foremost.—*Montpelier State Journal*.

It surpasses any journal we have ever seen.—*Rock Island Union*.

By far the best magazine now published for ladies in the world.—*New Era*.

A magnificent work of art, and will be the admiration of numerous ladies who have the good sense to take it.—*Pontiac Jacksonian*.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine just comes up to our idea of what a first-class lady's magazine ought to be. We advise every lady who desires to be in the fashion to purchase it.—*New World*.

This magazine stands a head and shoulders above all others of the same description.—*Corydon Democrat*.

Nothing equal to it has ever before been published in this country.—*Fort Dodge Republican*.

Every lady who wishes to keep up with the time should have *Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine*.—*Burlington Dollar News*.

Excelling everything in that line ever before produced.—*Plattsburgh Sentinel*.

The paper pattern alone is worth the price of the book.—*Delaware State Journal*.

The literary matter is of a high character.—*Roxbury Journal*.

It is full of excellent and choice reading matter.—*Burlington Sentinel, Vt.*

In addition to other attractions, the current number contains a full-sized paper pattern of a Spanish jacket, with directions for making the same, which is alone worth the price of the number.—*Three River Western Chronicle*.

It abounds in plates of the latest fashions, done up in excellent style.—*Oxford Democrat*.

This monthly is got up at great expense.—*Vermont Phoenix*.

There is no magazine of the kind more entertaining than this.—*Bridgeport Chronicle*.

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ARKANSAS.

On the 20th Dec. 1,600 rebels, under Standwaite, attacked Fort Gibson, but were repulsed, and retreated across the Arkansas.

The 3d Wisconsin cavalry penetrated to Red river, capturing many prisoners.

Quantrell was recently defeated at Barren fork, Cherokee county, by some Indian troops, under Capt. Spelman.

MISSOURI.

Gen. Rosecrans has been appointed to the Department of Missouri, in the place of Gen. Scholfield.

MAINE.

Considerable excitement exists at Eastport and Calais, in consequence of information of a projected raid of rebels and provincial assassins to plunder and destroy. Homeguards have been formed.

NAVAL.

The Vanderbilt, on Oct. 28, captured the rebel barque Saxon, formerly the Lucy Johnson, of New London. The Vanderbilt also confiscated 200 tons of rebel coal found on enguin island.

Warrants have been issued at Halifax to arrest the murderers of Schaeffer, but the people and the police are too much in league with the assassins and robbers to leave any ground for hope of their arrest.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

FOR a war-ridden people, for a tax-burdened people, for a calamity-stricken people, we are the lightest-hearted, the most thoughtless, reckless people in the world. These holiday times have proved a perfect carnival of pleasure. The wealth that has been squandered in every conceivable article of luxury would seem fabulous could it be noted down in round numbers, and would astonish those who have helped to swell the amount by their lavish expenditure. And yet we are unable to condemn this public extravagance, for while it indicates our sympathy with the luxurious customs of European cities, it proves that there is no niggardly spirit in the people, and that the money they gain so easily they are willing to disburse for the benefit of the trade community at large, and the thousands dependent upon that trade. Besides, charity is not forgotten. Lectures, concerts, fairs, out of number, given in that holy cause, have been largely and liberally patronised in every city of the Union, resulting in a harvest of millions of dollars. Every public place of amusement, no matter of what grade of excellence, is crowded with pleasure-seekers, and we verily believe that an establishment devoted wholly to grinning through horse-collars, would find patrons without number. We believe this to be the most abundant Christmas known for many years. Notwithstanding the high price of every necessary of life, there is, apparently, less real poverty and much less actual suffering than in any previous year. Whether or not it has been as merry a Christmas as some that we remember is a matter of question. Certain it is, that we never saw so many of our citizens clothed in the garb of mourning. It would seem as if death had entered every family and made some gaps in every home circle. Still, the character of the season, the sacredness of the holiday, while it sanctifies grief, gives assurance and hope that may well make the saddest heart cast off its mourning robe and rejoice.

The skating carnival has commenced, and the rage for that exhilarating out-of-doors exercise appears to have increased a hundred per cent. since last year. Every line of cars will be found crowded with men, women and children of all ages, bound for the frozen regions—all day long, from early morning until tea in the evening. On Christmas day—the loveliest day that ever visited the earth to gladden it—the number of actual skaters on the ponds in Central Park amounted to one hundred thousand, and over one hundred thousand people were spectators of the sport. We believe this was the largest number of visitors to that lovely spot ever chronicled upon one day. It was one of the most charming and animating sights that we ever beheld. The improvement in the science of skating is really marvellous. Those who hopped two years ago now run; those who ran last year now fly; and those who a short time since could hardly comprehend the idea of the outside edge skating now cut eagles and skate quadrilles. Among the most dashing skaters are the ladies. They combine grace with ease, and are utterly fearless on their slippery footing, and many of those who parade Broadway with mining gait, as though they travelled on imported Chinese feet, strike out on the ice with the free stride of the practised deerstalker. As they float along they present a picture of exquisite grace and beauty. They are beginning to wear appropriate skating costumes. The dress is not quite up to the mark yet, and is not, as yet, universally adopted; but the improvements already introduced give more play to the limbs than the ordinary street dress, which for some time was obstinately adhered to. The Fifth avenue skating pond is the chosen resort of the élite; its exclusiveness secures that freedom from crowding and unpleasant association which every one will appreciate. The skating carnival is in full career—let every one skate!

The return of Max Maretzak and his Italian opera company, on a brief visit to this city, was the signal for a grand turn out of all the beauty and fashion of society. The operas given were "Il Ballo in Maschera," "Faust," "Ione," and at the matinée on Saturday Mozart's "Il Don Giovanni." The matinée was a grand success, the Academy being crowded by a perfect galaxy of elegantly dressed and beautiful ladies. The Italian opera was never so popular as it is at the present time, and it may well be said that it never more entirely deserved its popularity. Maretzak takes his company next week for a short visit to Boston, and will return to New York in February, to inaugurate a long, and we hope a brilliant season.

Theodore Thomas's Christmas Matinée, the tenth of the popular series, was a brilliant affair, and represented the finest programme yet selected. The instrumental pieces were Beethoven's Symphonie in C minor; Meyerbeer's overture, "Struensee;" the second movement of Berlioz's "Harold in Italia," and the introduction to the third act of Wagner's "Lohengrin." The lighter orchestral pieces were a spirited Christmas polka, by Charles Fradell, and a most capital set of quadrilles, on themes from the opera of "Faust," also by Charles Fradell. Mr. S. B. Mills performed his "Etude and Polonaise," compositions of rare merit, and Thalberg's "Sonnambula" in his usual masterly manner. Unfailing precision, spirit and tasteful judgment characterised his playing, and left nothing to be desired in the rendering of

his selections. The instrument he played upon was a superbly toned grand piano, from the factory of Steinway and Sons. The vocal selections were excellent, and were admirably executed by Madame Compte Borschard, Mr. William Castle, and Mr. S. C. Campbell. Mr. Thomas's popular Saturday Matinée may now be considered as a recognised musical institution of the city of New York.

A new musical monthly, called the *Musical Host*, has just been issued by J. W. Fortune, 102 Centre street, which deserves to be, and, we think, will be, a decided success. It has superb titlepage, and is printed on the very finest paper. It contains 16 pages of varied music, vocal and instrumental, much of it original, very popular in its character and suited to the spirit of the times. One of the pieces, a song and chorus, called "I am thinking of my Lover far and wide," will have a wide popularity and an extensive sale. Considering its excellence, it is very cheap; and it has this advantage, that it is adapted both for educational purposes and for amusement, so that it is as useful for the amateur as for the teacher. The second number is already announced.

The enter-tainments at Wallack's Theatre are beginning to assume a more varied character. The popular and standard comedies, for the performance of which this theatre is so celebrated, are now alternated with the still marvellously popular "Rosedale; or, the Rife Ball," and the same result attends the change of programme—crowded and satisfied audiences.

The admirable drama, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," is still running its career of brilliant and deserved success at Winter Garden. This piece has made its mark; firstly, by its artistic construction; secondly, by its fidelity to nature; thirdly, by its beautiful and Christian moral; and fourthly, by the excellent manner in which it is acted and produced. The fact upon which the story is founded is publicly endorsed by two eminent lawyers, A. Oakey Hall and Edwin James, whose reputation now is second to none in the city, and this endorsement has recommended it still more strongly to the attention of the public. It will probably run some weeks yet.

Mrs. John Wood, in her charming little Olympic Theatre, has succeeded in hitting the public taste very hard indeed. The light, pleasant and spirited pieces which are now given at her theatre should always be her specialty, for in them she is piquant to a degree of fascination.

Van Amburg's Menagerie and the Broadway Circus are attracting crowded audiences both day and evening. They have special charms for the juvenile members of families.

The holiday entertainments at Barnum's Museum comprise such a vast list of individual attractions that we give up the attempt to enumerate them in despair. What with giants and dwarfs, happy families, sea lions and serpents, actors and ghostly visitants, automatons and real musicians, there is something to please every taste and to amuse the most exigeant visitor.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Another large auction sale of coal took place on the 23d of Dec., at No. 35 William street, on behalf of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Great Western Railroad Company. Nearly 20,000 tons were disposed of, at prices ranging from \$6.37 to \$8 per ton. The average prices did not vary much from those of the November sale. Stove coal sold at \$1.35 a ton less than in November. Some of the varieties brought higher prices.

A heavy grand jury recently met in Burlington, New Jersey. Of the whole 24 men the lightest weighed 210 pounds. One weighed 284 pounds, another 276, one 266, and two each 260 pounds. Eight of the number weighed over 250 pounds. The aggregate weight of the 24 was 5,800—an average of 245 pounds to each man.

It may interest our country readers to know that never had Christmas been kept with so much gusto and expense as the present one. The streets adjacent Washington and Fulton markets resemble gardens of Eden more than the mud walls of Gotham. Thousands of evergreen trees line the side walks, and tens of thousands of turkeys and geese, living and dead, some in feathers and some in broadcloth, populate the green avenues of Barclay, Vesey and Fulton. Everything is twice as dear as it was last year, and as twice as much of everything is bought, some idea may be formed of the abundance of money.

It is said that the draft will be postponed from the 5th January to the 1st of February, in order to give volunteering full chance of filling up the quota.

Great defalcations have been discovered in the Treasury Department, and a clerk has been arrested on suspicion.

The Louisville *Journal* truly says that the President's message "requires the people of the revolting States to trample their own Constitution into the dust as a condition of their recognition as loyal States of the Union. In a word, it requires them to commit a second act of revolution as an amendment for the commission of the first."

The *National Union* (Washington paper), says: "First National Bank of Washington—This institution has spread its sails, and is now fairly under way in the sea of monetary life. This morning their first issue passed into the hands of the public. The notes are beau-ifully executed, and printed on the very best of banknote paper. In point of beauty they are superior to the Government greenbacks, and from their appearance, as far as we can judge, it will be impossible to counterfeit them. The fives have a beautiful engraving on the back of the Landing of Columbus, taken from the original painting. The face of the note has also two beautiful engravings at each end. The issue is signed H. D. Cooke, President, and H. S. Huntington, Cashier."

One of the uptown skating ponds gave way on the morning of the 23d Dec., and about 100 of the "sliders" went in to their middle.

The first Episcopal edifice erected in this city by a German congregation was, on Christmas Eve, consecrated with appropriate ceremonies. The building is located in East Fourteenth street, near First avenue. The society numbers about 350 communions. The congregation formerly gathered at an English church in Nineteenth street. The Rev. Charles Schramm is rector. The church was gracefully decorated with evergreens that evening, and was filled with an attentive audience. Bishop Potter read the consecration service, after which the regular evening prayer was pronounced. The Rev. S. H. Tyng, senior, and the pastor, delivered addresses congratulating the society upon the completion of the edifice, and expressing the hope that success might crown their efforts in the Pioneer enterprise. Bishop Potter pronounced the benediction.

The Conservative National Convention of Philadelphia met on the 23d Dec., "in that village," and nominated Gen. Geo. McClellan for President and Ex-Governor Campbell of Tennessee, for Vice. Gen. McClellan was formerly Commander-in-Chief of the Potomac army, and gained much distinction at Antietam. Gov. Campbell was a pro-slavery Whig formerly, and is now a mild Unionist—so say the *New York Tribune*.

Com. Vanderbilt and his wife celebrated their golden wedding on the 19th Dec., and Peter Cooper and his wife celebrated theirs on the 24th Dec.

The good old custom of ringing out the old year, and ringing in the new, was observed at Trinity Church, Broadway, on the afternoon of the 24th Dec. The services in the church commenced at three o'clock, with the Psalms for the 24th day chanted by the choir as usual. At the close of the evening prayer Mr. Cutler's carol, "The Christmas Tree," was sung by the children of the Sunday school, Master Hopkins taking the solo parts. The Rev. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity, then delivered a short address to the children, after which they marched in procession to the Christmas Tree, and each child received a beautiful and appropriate present. The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens, laurel, etc.; and the Christmas Tree,

brilliantly illuminated and festooned with ribbons and gifts, attracted a great deal of attention. The church was crowded to excess by members of the congregation and strangers. The singing of James Hopkins is highly lauded, and justifies Mr. Cutler for giving to him the onerous task of rendering the solos. Mr. Cutler now stands at the head of his profession. We may here mention, *en passant*, that never have the festivities of Christmas been so universally observed as at the present year.

Western.—Thirteen men visited the house of Mr. M. A. Lunt, a Quaker, residing near Richview, in Washington county, Ill., on the night of the 5th Dec., armed with revolvers, and demanded his daughter, a beautiful girl of 16, just home from school, on pain of the instant death of the entire family in case of refusal. Resistance was impossible; the girl was dragged to her room, forced to dress, carried to a buggy and taken away, eight men remaining to guard the house until morning. No clue to the villains or whereabouts has been gained.

Corn is now higher at the West generally than it has been before for 40 years.

The daughter of a well-known commission merchant of Chicago has instituted a suit against a prominent physician for breach of promise of marriage—damages \$25,000. Another young lady in Chardon, Wis., has just received a healing plaster for her broken heart in the shape of a verdict of \$10,000 damages against the gay deceiver.

Gen. Schofield has been removed from his command in Missouri and Gen. Rosecrans put in his stead. This, although considered as a move in favor of the abolitionists (says the *Herald*), is a popular one, since no man is more admired and respected than the gainer of so many battles and the loser of only one, Chamauga.

An exchange says, with regard to the Barnitz and Jacob case, that the lady has exaggerated Mr. Barnitz's attentions to her. Certainly a lady who is resort to cowhides and cayenne, and pepper bystanders, is a very fierce specimen of female gentleness.

Southern.—Among the recently captured rebel letters near Chattanooga is one from a private, dated Wassen, Ga., Nov. 29, in which he says: "The fight was so badly conducted that our men are very much disheartened, and there is much complaint. It is enough to make the devil mad to think how our army acted in the fight. The right wing of the army, under Gen. Breckinridge, acted nobly; but the centre, under Hardee, was badly managed."

In a letter lately received here by a Southern lady from one of her relations in Alabama there is this passage: "You can little imagine the condition of things here. I am writing in a gown I have turned twice; and although we have enough to eat, yet it is not what we like. Our farm is being neglected, and there is great fear that our slaves will rise. Even old nurse says she thinks that Jeff Davis is a bad man, and has ruined both slaves and whites. One of those things issued by Yankee Lincoln for \$5 is worth \$40 of our Confederate scrip. This makes James feel bad. He had to pay \$7,200 for a substitute, and now he has to provide another for Charley. We are well-nigh ruined."

Military.—A mutiny broke out in Fort St. Philip, New Orleans, lately, among the colored troops. The *New York Times* says it was occasioned by the brutalty of the commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Benedict.

The last words of Gen. Busford, in a state of semi-delirium, were characteristic of the soldier. He exclaimed, with his last breath: "Send for the brigade commanders; put guards on all these roads and keep those men from going to the rear."

A Washington dispatch states that the War Department is not prepared either to sanction or to disapprove of the proposition for recruiting colored men at the South for Massachusetts and other States from which applications have been received. An amendment, authorising such enlistments from the rebel States will be introduced in the Senate by Senator Wilson, and if it is passed the quotas of several loyal States may possibly be filled without a resort to the draft.

The Atlanta *Confederacy* (Ga.) threatens that if Capt. Gurley is hanged for the murder of Gen. McCook, the rebels will retaliate by hanging a Union Captain. It would seem as though these rebels do not know the difference between cold-blooded murder and honorable warfare.

Naval.—The Russian fleet has left Washington, and is now anchored in Hampton roads, Fortress Monroe, for the winter.

A letter from Madras, India, dated 17th Oct., says: "The Confederate rebel ship, the Alabama, Capt. Semmes, is expected here every day. Money is lodged to the credit of the ship with the firm of Barclay Bros. & Co. Mark my words; she will meet with a very cold reception from the Europeans here. Slave piracy here is looked upon in its proper light, if not at the Cape, which is half peopled by a set of barbarous Dutchmen."

The frigate *Nisarga*, which left the Navy Yard a few days in search of the Chesapeake, returned on the 23d Dec. During the cruise the vessel touched at several ports in Nova Scotia. The officers of the *Nisarga*, ascertaining that the pirate crew had been captured and taken into Halifax, sailed for that harbor, which was reached on the 20th, and departed from there for New York the same day, making the run to this city in 70 hours.

Admiral Dahlgren has made an arrangement to have the *Weehawken* raised. As the *Keokuk* is in much the same condition as she was when she sank, there is not much chance of any early success. It seems universally conceded now that she leaked extensively all over. The monitors are admirable as river defences, but they are certainly coffins when exposed to a heavy sea.

A committee of merchants has gone to Washington, to urge upon President Lincoln removing Secretary Welles.

Personal.—Mr. Benjamin Wood, M. C. for New York, has been hitherto prevented by sickness from taking his seat in Congress. This will account for the absence of his name from the voting lists.

The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, in a letter to an American friend, fully sympathising with our Union cause, concludes with this emphatic sentence: "In your letter you expected that by Spring the rebellion would be merely a history of the past. The devil fights hard! It is now or never—a death struggle! Perhaps the continuance of the strife was needed to unite your nation more thoroughly on an Emancipation policy. God grant that slavery may soon cease, and with it the war. Some people talk here of the wickedness of the war. I hate war, except when waged to prevent what is worse. But when did this country ever wage, since Cromwell's day, a war for so glorious an object?"

The Rev. W. Hartlett has written a letter severely blaming the Government for deciding that clergymen are liable to be drafted. He says that they are men of God, and are opposed to war. Why, then, do they preach up such crusades in favor of war in their pulpits? The above decision has given much satisfaction to every class but the clerical.

Obituary.—Gen. Michael Corcoran, whose portrait we published in No. 362, was killed on Wednesday morning, the 23d Dec., while riding with his staff near Sawyer's station. He was thrown from his horse, and falling on his head, fractured his skull. He was in his 37th year. The reader will find his biography in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* for Sept. 6, 1862.

Mrs. Seaton, wife the proprietor of the Washington *Intelligencer*, died at Washington, on the 23d of Dec., aged 74. She had resided many years there, and was much esteemed. Mr. Seaton is one of the oldest editors in the States.

Lord Elgin, one of the ablest and most popular of British statesmen, died in India, Nov. 20. The

Earl of Elgin was appointed Governor-General of India three years ago. He had previously been Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of British North America, twice Ambassador to China, and had been a Cabinet Minister in 1859-60. A shrewd, clear-headed, well-informed, active business man, he had been long in the public service, always doing his work well. During the great Indian revolt of 1857, he took the responsibility of sending a large re-enforcement of British troops from China to Calcutta, and there is no doubt that this timely aid helped to put down the rebellion. At the time of his becoming Viceroy of India he was only in his 50th year; his constitution was robust, his frame was passive, his habits temperate, and his capacity for work enormous. But India has been fatal to him, as to his immediate predecessors. A telegram from Calcutta reports his death from heart disease.

The death of Lambert A. Wilmer, which is announced as having occurred in Brooklyn on the 21st instant, will cause much regret in the minds of a large circle of his personal friends. In early life he was editor of the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor*. The deceased was a warm friend of Edgar A. Poe, and for many years was connected with the *Pennsylvanian*, formerly published in this city. He was the author of "Quacks of Helicon," which was published about 12 years since; "Ferdinand de Soto," issued five years ago, and "Our Oppressed Guard," published since with great success. The deceased was 56 years of age. He came to New York in October last, and was taken sick and died at Brooklyn as above stated.

Accidents and Offences.—Mrs. Hale and her father, Mr. Parker, of Brooklyn, who were arrested, charged by Mr. Hale, the husband of the first-named prisoner, with having stolen \$64,000 of Southern money, and substituting worthless bills and counterfeit in its stead, have been honorably discharged, while Mr. Hale, who made the charge, has, himself, been put in prison to take his trial for a felonious assault upon his wife's sister.

Foreign.—The Sun newspaper states that the prices paid for making shirts now by many of the ready-made warehousemen is only five cents a-piece. Considering that these men charge from \$2 to \$4 a-piece, there can be no excuse for such barbarity.

Foreign.—The German diet ultimately passed, on Monday, though only by a small majority, a resolution for "federal execution" in Holstein, but reserved to itself the settlement of the question of succession. Orders were immediately issued for the entry of federal troops into Holstein.

The law officers of the Crown in Scotland have decided to take legal proceedings in the case of the Pampero, a steamer recently launched on the Clyde and said to be intended for the Confederate service. It is further reported that this is not the only case of alleged infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act that is likely to come before the Scotch judges.

Art, Science and Literature.—The great work called "Our Union Generals" is progressing. It will contain over 50 original portraits beautifully engraved on steel. One remarkable feature about it is, that the biographies are taken from data communicated by the generals themselves, or their families. This will give it an historical value seldom to be found in works of this kind. It is under the editorial supervision of G. T. Child



LADIES' FASHIONS, FROM FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S



SCENE ON THE ATCHAFAHALAYA, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVID, 133D N. Y. VOL.

WE'LL SING THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

Who was it spake of hoary Time? who called him graybeard Time?
Who pictured him with trembling limbs and eyelids filled with rime?
Why, who that ever knew the sprite could say so false a thing,
Could call the lusty fellow old, who is so swift of wing?



So young and swift, that ere we mark his presence he is gone;
He comes, and steals each infant hour, the instant it is born;
He runs away with laden years, with treasures rich and rare,
And with a touch he palsies limbs, and whitens ravens hair.

He travels hand-in-hand with Death, with steps that know no rest,
And brings his comrade to our homes, a gaunt, unwelcome guest.
He takes, oh! tearful mothers, from your arms your darling child,
And lovers, many a maiden fair the youngster hath beguiled.
He comes with life, and death, and woe, with joy and carking care;
He fills the hovel full with wealth, and strips the palace bare!
He brings us hope or sad despair, a doubt, a laugh, a tear,
Whatever else his burden is, be sure he brings New Year!

Then here's a health to lusty Time, whatever be his fault,
So long as in his onward march the youngster does not halt!
With what he brings us, joy or grief, or praise, or jibe or jeer,
We'll take it all as part of life, and spend a glad New Year.
"A Happy New Year!" so the song runs ever to its close,
"A Happy New Year!" murmurs by, on every wind that blows!
So shall our song be not the past, but of the glad New Year,
Not hours agone, but of those which will speedily be here!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Stop, little one, and talk awhile,
There's time enough for you.
Your face has got a sunny smile,
E'en though your lips be blue!
Your teeth are chattering with the cold,
Your peeping toes appear;
Come tell me, thou of ten years old,
Why sing the glad New Year?

My mother says that God is good,
That he will not forget,
And though we sometimes want for food,
There's sadder wanting yet.
My father starves in Southern lands,
Beneath a jailor stern,
And morn and eve, with clasped hands,
We pray for his return.

My mother says the coming year
Will bring him home again,
And then we'll know no doubt or fear,
No sickness, want or pain.
She says this fearful war will end,
And Time will dry each tear,
And that is why my voice I lend
To sing the glad New Year!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Wait but a moment, lady fair!
Why singest thou this strain?
Your smile scarce hides the mark of care
You seek to crush in vain.
Your hands, though shaped in dainty form,
Are not from labor clear,
Your clothing is not over warm,
Why sing the glad New Year?

The New Year, sir, brings always joy,
The world woos not life's pain,
Old age has years, the child its toy,
To count as worthy gain!
I have my pleasures to pursue,
In spite of laboring hours,
And Time, who brings us all things new,
Brings sometimes blooming flowers.

This year I am to wed with one
Well worthy for my mate,
His life-work is so truly done,
He should be truly great.
We've waited through life's golden prime,
With wavering hope and fear.
But now we wed, oh! happy time,
To sing the glad New Year!



SIMMSPORT, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVID, 133D N. Y. VOL.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Hail! tottering age, whose dimming eyes
Can scarce perceive the sun,
Across the grave thy shadow lies,
Thy course is nearly run!
Speak, pilgrim on life's farther shore,
Why dost thou linger here
To count thy coming hours o'er
And sing the glad New Year?

I tarry or linger—to enjoy the years
That come from God above.
His hand has blotted all the tears,
And left me only love.
The New Year scatters life and bloom
Before my loitering feet,
My eyes too dim to pierce the gloom
And weep the woes I meet!

The coming year brings life anew;
My grandson comes of age,
God teach the boy, so good and true,
To read aright life's page.
My son, this year, comes home from sea,
I feel his presence near,
And so, while sings the heart in me,
I sing the glad New Year!

tion, but outwardly very quiet and still. He had no words for this gladness.

With a little puff and a premonitory whiz the train passed out of the station.

"Now, then, for home!" said Russel, and both glanced at the road, shining white in the moonlight, just across the railway, and winding past the trees that hung over the brook, and by the half-ruined mill, and up the hill between the orchards and hay-fields, till it lost itself in the pleasant evening dimness.



Hugh declares His Love to May.

The Two Thanksgivings:

A Story for the Season.

By Amanda M. Hale.

THE train was coming in; a great red eye shone out of the distant gloom and steadily grew nearer and nearer. Robert Russel thought of the fabled Cyclops and of that scene in Domby where crafty Carkeet meets his terrible doom.

In a moment more the huge iron creature glided by him and stopped.

"Russel, my dear fellow, how are you?"

The heartsome tone rang sweet and clear through the small Babel of sounds, and the familiar fascination speedily wound its thrall about him.

"So, you've come, St. John!" and Robert stood holding his friend's hand in quite a glow of emo-

tion. St. John looked about him. There were the sparkling waters of the brook, the shining foam at the foot of the dam, the brown turf by the roadside, the lights of the village on the hill coming out one by one, like stars that slowly loiter into sight, and the clear November heaven.

But St. John was looking upon a far different picture—summer greenery and a warm, starlight sky, sunset tints dying in the west and May's sweet face.

"Well, Hugh!" said Russel.

The picture vanished instantly, and quick smiles swept away Hugh's gravity. He buttoned his coat and settled his muffler.

"It is pleasant to be here again; but this is not summer. How are they all at home, Robert?"

And arm-in-arm the two walked rapidly up the hill.

"All well, and expecting to see you."

"A great deal of company?"

"No; only yourself and a cousin or two."

"Only a cousin or two! Mary or Johns?" asked Hugh, gaily.

"Mary and Lizzy Guy. Do you think I'd countenance a rival to you?" said Robert, laughingly.

"Selfish fellow! Pretending to look after my interest when you are catering to your own pleasure. How's May?"

Here was the question at last, under cover of a joke.

"May! As sweet as ever; a daily blessing, an angel in the household. Hugh, I grudge her to any man living."

"They were just at the top of the hill.

"See Robbie! There's the house. A curtain is up in the parlor," said St. John.

"Yes; that is May's doing. She would make a paradise of that parlor if she had only a wooden bench and a vase of flowers. She goes about in her dainty way, and smooths down the rug, and folds up the scattered newspapers, and gives the fire a little poke and then slips out into the kitchen to mother, who is deep in pastry and puddings and all sorts of delicious mysteries. Presently you shall see the door open and May's head peep in just to see how things look. I wouldn't exchange my sister May for the universe!"

"Not even for a cousin or two?" queried St. John.

"Nonsense, Hugh! Lizzy Gay is engaged."

"And Mary?"

"Is a mere child."

"Ah! here we are now. Was that May's shadow which crossed the window? How cheerful it all



The Deathbed in the Hospital.

looks, Robbie! May I slip in at the front door—first, you know?" exclaimed Hugh, eagerly.

"Yes; do so. I'll create a diversion at the other entrance."

Hugh pushed open the heavy, old-fashioned door and stepped in.

"The other door, May."

"No; papa."

"Yes, May," said Lizzie Guy.

But May ran into the front entry, forgetting a light.

"That you, Robbie, dear?"

"No, not Robbie."

"Oh, Mr. St. John; how do you do?"

And now he held her hand and looked into her soft, bright eyes, and heard her voice in pleasant, girlish talk. He sat by the open fire with old Rover at his feet, and was folded around by the thousand charms of this genial New England home, and everything was just as he had told himself it would be all those fifty miles in the railway-car. Just as he had dreamed it would be for a month past, while he sat in his office waiting for clients that did not come, and saw May's face in the coals; telling himself all the time that he had no right to think of her or of any of the dear things that he associated with her. Home and the tenderness and joy of love were not for him—at least not yet. A briefless lawyer! And Hugh St. John made a jest of his prospects, and talked of what he would do when he sat on the bench, and made his friends merry; but he secretly copied manuscript at so much a page, and pondered gloomily on the ill-fortune that separated him from happiness and May.

A friendless man—mother and sisters long ago dead—the tears would come to his eyes as, going his solitary way in the street, he peeped into pleasant rooms, where the red light shone out into the early night, and little children were playing. Homeless, too. You would not call a bedroom in a hotel and a seat at a dreary dining-table by any name so dear.

A certain fastidiousness of taste—he did not claim any merit for it—kept him away from saloons and the common places of amusement, only dropping into the theatre when there was an occasional glimpse of real art to be had; shut out from concerts and oratorios by the want of money, spending an hour or two sometimes in a picture-store, and going home to his lodgings to calculate how many pages of paper he could cover before midnight. It was something, when—standing on the Common, one evening, watching the crowds of the laboring people who were there, come from squalid homes, and poor enough but happy for the time at least—some one tapped him on the shoulder, and Robert Russel's frank eyes smiled his pleasure. Out of that had grown summer visits to Milford, a fast friendship with Robert, his love for May and this happy Thanksgiving time.

He looked out of the window just before retiring. Mr. Russel had said there would be snow before morning. Then of course there would be a sleigh-ride, perhaps he should drive May, and—but the sky did not threaten snow. That was because he was not versed in the weather signs. What was that gradual withdrawing of the stars, that steel gray mist which covered the moon's face, that shrill wind that whistled in the elms? What were these but foretokens of crystalline flakes that ere many hours came down in jostling eager crowds, and by morning hid the earth from sight, transformed the fenceposts into marble pillars and made the trees like gigantic forests of coral, such as gleam in the translucent recesses of tropical seas, only a thousand times magnified.

Hugh St. John was already in the breakfast-room when May entered, playing with the pet of the household, and making futile attempts at conversation with her shy cousin, Mary Guy. He looked so bright and happy that May found herself thinking he must like to be there. Her brother Robbie had told her how lonely St. John lived, had shown her glimpses of poverty such as she, in her sheltered and affluent home, knew nothing of. Partly Robbie had told her, and partly she had guessed, how bravely trials had been met and turned into helps.

Such women as May are most easily won by fine heroism, especially if it be that sort that does not court applause. Perhaps St. John did not know this; I am sure that, if he did, he would have been far from claiming the title of hero for himself.

Just now he was thinking only of the enjoyment that came to him from May's presence and the society of the gay, pleasant people around him. Over the musical clatter of silver and china rose the cheerful mingling of voices. Into the light interchange of wit and sentiment scraps of graver thought strayed unawares; political troubles were discussed, and May found herself listening for a reply to her father's question:

"In such a war, who would fight?"

"I, for one!"

May looked at St. John. The genial face could be stern and grave. It was so now. May noticed the kind blue eyes, the sensitive lips, and remembered the tenderness that forbade him to shoot the wild rabbit which he and Robbie had started from its cover, and, somehow, it seemed so impossible a thing that St. John should ever take part in any strife that she smiled.

"You fight, Mr. St. John! We know you better."

His color deepened. Was it anger? May was frightened.

"I don't mean that you haven't courage. Of course, every one—at least, every man has that, but I don't believe you have any of the fighting blood."

"I don't know how to defend myself, Miss May," said St. John.

Then, turning to Mr. Russel:

"I think you are in error, sir. If what I anticipate does ever occur, we shall see such an uprising of the people as no nation ever before witnessed."

Mr. Russel puffed and fumed and deprecated so

much ado about a few negroes, and wished the abolitionists were at the bottom of the Red Sea; and said he had always prophesied that they would ruin the nation, and finished by declaring that the editor of the *Tribune* ought to be hanged. Mr. Russel was a representative of his class. He had a strong mind, but not a broad one. He could follow a subject along a straight course of reasoning, but he was quite incapable of appreciating the higher intuitions.

He stood firmly upon his own rights, and demanded a like forbearance from other people. He was opposed to innovation because it was innovation.

If he had been born at the South he would have held slaves, and defended his right to do so by Scripture and reason. Having been born at the North, he was a country squire, and a little intolerant, but kind in the main, and contented himself with doing all in his power to block the wheels of the car of progress, a labor which must eventually be to his own detriment.

"You foolish child," said Robbie, meeting May in the entry and detaining her by catching at one of her curls. "What do you know about St. John's fighting blood? He is no carpet knight, May."

"I didn't mean he was a coward, but he is too tender-hearted to fight Robbie. I should as soon think of you, and what a brave soldier you'd make!"

"Should I, May? Don't laugh at me. Wait till Achilles hears the rattling of armor. But about Hugh. You ought to have seen him face the whole class when they undertook to haze an unlucky Fresh. I tell you he has pluck. If there should be a war he will be one of the first to go into it."

"What nonsense, Robbie! A war! You're dreaming. Isn't Christmas coming, and peace on earth and good will to all men? If people would think of what that means they would not indulge in foolish talk of war. As for Mr. St. John, I shall believe him when his blue eyes change to gray."

"You're not a good physiognomist, May. The blue-eyed men are the warriors, and the gray eyes are the philanthropists."

"And a philanthropist is a man who feeds his neighbors' children and lets his own starve."

"Cant, Miss May!"

"Are you eavesdropping, Mr. St. John? What is cant, pray?"

"A lie which rascals have told until they've induced virtuous people to believe it. A bit of senseless folly which, by being repeated, has grown to sound like wisdom. The language which hypocrisy chooses to mimic truth."

"You shall set up for a new Noah Webster at once, Mr. St. John. Now, can you define a sleigh-ride?"

And the trio began to lay plans for the day's amusement.

First, there were the services in the church—nobody would have missed those—then there were walks, and calls, and games, and the ride. At one time it seemed as though the ride would be crowded out, but it kept its place, and to Hugh St. John the elements which make it enjoyable were the exhibition of the rapid drive home in the short, golden twilight, and May's presence at his side. How it fell out that he was placed next to May at the dinner-table Hugh St. John did not know, but that felicity came to him unexpectedly, and it was not at all impaired by the fact that just opposite to them, and testifying his admiration for May by scarcely removing his eyes from her during the repast, sat the minister of the parish, a homeless young bachelor of mild and inoffensive manners!

Mr. Russel had gratified his kind feeling and satisfied his conscience by inviting Mr. Osgood. He would have resented the imputation of being an irreligious man, therefore it seemed to him a very proper and desirable thing that some one should be present at the dinner-table to say grace. Mr. Russel himself would not have thought of taking such a liberty. Here there was the Rev. Mr. Osgood prepared for the especial duty of vicarious piety.

Hugh did not in the least mind the admiring looks that he bent upon May.

He did her justice to believe that she would be insensible to Mr. Osgood's attractions, and, since he had a little bit of the Bohemian in his nature, he lived for the time in the sunshine of her sweet presence and dismissed the future.

The moon rose broad and golden that night, making the new-fallen snow glitter like silver dust, and bringing out the clump of evergreens at the foot of the garden in bold distinctiveness.

Missing May a moment from the parlor, Hugh thought he saw a figure flit past the window. He went out quietly. May stood at the head of the walk leading down to the firs, a large shawl thrown over her, only a few shreds of shining hair escaping from the folds.

"What freak is this, May?"

The tone was affectedly stern, but he had never called her by her name before, and May looked up, the color flashing all over her face. In a moment, by an uncontrollable impulse, the words he had not meant to say had leapt to his lips, and he knew that she loved him, saw it in the downcast eyes and knew it by the broken words that failed to mould themselves into shapely sentences. When they went in, and Hugh whispered a word to Robbie, that called out a joyful exclamation, when an hour later he heard Mr. Russel's complacent approval, and saw the quiet gratification in Mrs. Russel's benignant, motherly face, and when, more than all, May lingered with sweet timidity to bid him good-night, it was borne in almost overwhelmingly to Hugh's heart that all this was happiness beyond his deserts.

"Yes, this has been a very happy Thanksgiving," said Mr. Russel, in a tone as if it was to have been expected. Persons of his stamp seem to imagine that they have a sort of claim upon Providence, and rely upon justice being done to them with an implicit confidence that would be beautiful if it were real faith.

The well-meaning conservative squire had indeed

a good deal to be thankful for. He might, it is true, have looked for a richer match for May, but he was not greedy of money, and St. John would be sure to win fame, which was better than gold. And Robbie! Ah, here was where his parental pride pleased itself most. Honest, brave, noble-hearted Robbie! Winning the prizes of high scholarship and coming out of college spotless as when he went from home an innocent boy. In a year more he would be fit to enter upon a profession. Then would it not be a wise plan for Robbie and St. John to consolidate their talents. Mr. Russel, with his usual sagacity, saw at once the advantages of such an arrangement, and he retired to dream about it.

As for Hugh and May, into the first delicious dream of love no practical considerations intruded.

"One thing you must promise me, Hugh," said May; "whatever comes, you must love me most. I have set my heart upon that, and it would kill me if you did not." Hugh was surprised at the passionate tone. This was a new revelation.

"Why, May, I didn't think you would be so exacting. But what could come between you and me?"

"Oh, I don't know," and May shook her head solemnly, throwing the golden curls into sweet disarray.

"Various things might. But one thing—you mustn't expect sacrifices of me. I am not equal to them. I could'nt bear to be wretched. You know I've always lived in sunshine."

"And you always shall, dear May; but even I cannot ward off all trials. The inevitable discipline of life must come."

"Don't, Hugh! we will not have it. Why can't we be good without it? God has always been very good to me—best of all now."

What was there but to caress the graceful head and pray that it might never be bowed with sorrow. And so on, into the still moonless hours, faded this happy Thanksgiving.

The snow lay in white stillness, the hurrying brook sang under the ice, the grim firs stood in quiet majesty—the tall clock ticked away the hours and the sleepers dreamed.

Hugh St. John sat in his office. The last hours of April were passing. Other Aprils he had been full of longing for sweet country air and sights and sounds; now the late drops of a shower fell upon the window, a border of green turf in the courtyard strayed alluringly around the dull brick walk, a troop of doves cooed in placid content upon the opposite eaves, and he did not heed any of them. Even the straggling geranium upon his table—it had grown from a spray that May had given him—was coming into blossom unnoticed. Business came now in good measure. There was no copying of manuscript now; there was not so much calculating and close economy, yet with work lying all about him, Hugh St. John was idle. Grave and stern, too; even the half smiles that once in a while played over his face were sober lights.

A hand was laid quickly upon the door. Hugh turned. "Ah, Robbie! I'm glad to see you. I've been wanting you."

"And I you, Hugh. Do you know what has happened?" Robbie's bright face looked years-older than it had done a week ago.

"Yes; I know that troops are called out, and that we're to have a terrible war."

"You believe there will be real fighting?"

"Robbie, the country will need every man." Hugh walked about the room a moment, came back and laid his hand upon Robert's shoulder. He spoke low and as if the words were hard to say:

"I must go, Robbie; what will May say?"

"God knows. The child has never had any trouble."

"She told me once I must not expect sacrifices of her," said Hugh sadly.

"Dear May!"

"She will rise to the level of the hour," exclaimed Hugh, his own heroic spirit waking. "The women of our country are not going to prove unequal to the time. I tell you, Robbie, it is sublime to be living now. A year of life, with the feelings that crowd it now, is better than a lifetime of inglorious ease. May will think so. She will bid me go."

"Don't count upon that, Hugh!" There was a silence. Hugh's face grew whiter and sterner.

"At any rate I must go. I knew there would be war. I have known it for months, and known too that if there was I must take part. If I did not I should give the lie to all the opinions I have professed in the past. I could never hold up my head among men. I must be true to my convictions. I should be unworthy of May if I faltered."

There was a long, thoughtful pause.

Hugh had put into words the thought that had been troubling him. He had taken the first step, and had gained an advantage. He could smile and speak more easily.

"Well, Robbie?"

Robert's face had undergone a half dozen changes in the last five minutes.

"I'm glad you've spoken, Hugh. It gives me courage to say that I too will go—if it does not seem foolish, dear Hugh, to say so. I haven't the look of a soldier, I know. I shouldn't make any great figure as a general, but I shall fill one place, and my life will be as good a sacrifice as another's."

Robert spoke rapidly but cheerfully. The tears started to St. John's eyes.

"Why, Robbie!" looking at the slight, delicate figure and the sensitive, boyish face.

I don't know that you ought to go. Such strong fellows as I am have no right to stay at home, but—"

Robert broke in impatiently, "I have never had a day's sickness in my life. Do you think I have no patriotism?"

Hugh thought bitterly of the chance that some miserable rebel bullet might extinguish that young, ardent life, and felt that he couldn't bear it.

"Your father never will consent to it," he burst forth impetuously.

"I'm afraid he won't," and Robert sat down drearily.

"What are they doing down at Milford?" asked Hugh presently.

"I don't know. I am just from New York. This is Saturday. Go home with me to-night and see."

Hugh assented, dispatched his business, locked up his office and went.

Around the station there was the usual familiar, pleasant quiet. The April air was soft and warm. The brook sang a richer song. The sunshine fell brightly on the old mill, and the road wound between green banks. As they climbed the hill Hugh suddenly uttered a quick exclamation. Robbie started, pulled off his cap, and shouted—for, wooing the April air, catching the blue of heaven, and the rose of sunset upon its folds, so high that only the birds could touch it, inspiring and for ever glorious, the flag tossed its stars and stripes to the wind. A little farther on a handbill placarded upon a fence caught the attention of our friends:

"Meeting to-night in the Town Hall! Young men to the rescue! The Hon. Mr. Russel and other distinguished speakers will be present."

"Why, Robbie, the town's alive!"

It was indeed.

A stolid old farmer, ploughing in a field by the way, called to them to ask the news.

People read the *Journal* and the *Tribune* on their way home from the Post-office. The boys had become infected with the martial spirit, and were beating the reveille upon a superannuated drum.

They overtook Mr. Russel just in front of his own house. He faced about and welcomed them warmly, saying, "You are come in the right time. Hugh, we shall make use of your talents. Robbie, half the young men are eager to enlist."

The stir had reached the quiet household. Even Mrs. Russel seemed a little ruffled. She had been thinking that Robbie might want to go.

May came to meet them, and Hugh's heart almost faltered for a moment. She was looking a little pale, quieter and sweeter than ever, a little restless too, and going often out of the room. In all the talk that followed May took no part. But she was working on a coarse gray woolen fabric, whose destiny Hugh quickly guessed.

"If you are thinking of going, Hugh," said Mr. Russel, "our men would make you captain."

"Nothing would suit me better," exclaimed Hugh, with enthusiasm, but instantly he turned to May and saw the deadly pallor overspread her face, and the work fall from her trembling fingers.

"I'm glad you like it. It can be done, I am sure. I suppose little May will shed some tears, but we shall get over that in thinking how proud we shall be of our hero. Robbie will comfort May—eh, my dear?"

But May had fled.

Hugh sat a little longer marvelling at the change in Mr. Russel, at the impulse which had set his conservative blood in motion, and then went to find May.

"Father," said Robbie as soon as Hugh had left them, "haven't you thought I want to go?"

it was correction, and must be submitted to as every chastening from the same great Hand, not with resignation only, but with joyful fortitude. The days were winged. Capt. St. John had a world of work upon his hands. Only a few weeks were left him, and the last hour came too quickly. In all these busy weeks it had tried him to feel that May had no heart in it, and he looked forward to the parting with inexpressible dread. It came as all inexorable fate comes at last, not to be shirked or put by or softened. He held her in his arms, and a rain of tears and kisses fell upon her face, while he said:

"Pray to God to hold us both in his heart, May, and if I never come back don't forget that I was glad to go, and yet it is so bitter."

And then he broke away from the caresses that held him, said hoarsely to Mrs. Russel:

"Go to May," and strode out of the house, and down to the station.

The full glory of summer was abroad; it but mocked his misery. What was he among the myriads of men? What were God's purposes to him? What was a mere doing of his duty? What was anything compared with that which he left? Why might he not have stayed at home, as thousands did, making all life a holiday? Where were May's sweet presence and the home he had longed for? Gone—a mere dream—thing of the past. What would it profit him that he had done his duty when a rebel bullet should have laid him low? The foundations of his faith were tottering under him. In this miserable mood he stepped into the cars, and was whirled away. Afterwards, lying awake in the long night or sitting in his tent in the field, peace came to him, and he could have given up life and all its dear things with as royal a spirit as the saints and martyrs of old.

The cardinal flowers by the brook were dropping their scarlet petals upon its luctent tide, and along the edge of the meadow the blue of the fringed gentians was beginning to burst its enveloping sheath.

It was a time when, floating dreamily along with the summer hours, one wakes with a sudden pain to find that it is autumn. All things have suddenly grown old.

There was another gathering in the Town Hall to stimulate the drowsy patriotism of the village. It is very easy to say and do heroic things in a fervid burst of enthusiasm—it is not so easy to keep the heroic flame burning through all vicissitudes.

Mr. Russel was not upon the platform.

His zeal had flagged of late.

The purpose of the war had been perverted, he said. He was for the Constitution and the Union.

There was a persistent call for him, and at last he rose, but his words had strangely lost their power. Yet he urged his fellow-citizens to volunteer for the defence of their country. He was still willing to shed the blood of his neighbors and friends in defence of the Constitution and the Union.

His speech fell flat upon the audience. There were even a few hisses. One adopted citizen cried out, very indiscrately,

"Why don't the old aristocrat send his own son? The likes of him ain't too good to go."

Great confusion followed this sarcastic thrust; and when order was restored the chairman remarked that the enlistment papers were upon the table, and he trusted that the patriotism of the audience would eagerly respond to this new call.

It must be admitted that the audience manifested very little eagerness. A blank silence followed, and just as it was becoming awkward and painful Robert Russel walked up the aisle and quietly put his name upon the paper. There was a momentary pause of astonishment, and then cheer rose upon cheer, and one man after another came up till the table was full.

Mr. Russel was taken unawares. He had never meant Robbie should go. It was very well for others—for St. John, even—and patriotism was a good thing, and he was in favor of the war, if it could be carried on according to his ideas, but that Robbie should go—he had never meant to allow it. He was seriously angry, and anger, in the Russel nature, signified a resentment not easily appeased.

So he parted coldly from his son, let him think that his father believed him disobedient and foolish, and thus added another pang to the grief that wrung Robbie's heart.

After he was gone a certain silence and habit of watching fell upon the household—such as so many circles have learnt to know. There was the eagerness for the daily paper mixed with shrinking dread—the half-a-vered face and breathing heart when the postmaster looked over the letters. And so the months passed. May was slowly growing into the knowledge of life's real meaning.

Once Robbie wrote: "Dear May, to think that you should be missing the sublime lessons of this war!" May was just beginning to apprehend some of them.

The poor Irish girl in the kitchen, overwhelmed with sorrow because her lover, who went so bravely to the wars, could never come back, became very near to her.

One day some one sent her a photographic copy of the Freedman. May, who had never cared about any great moral question, hated politics and knew as little of suffering as a princess, cried over it, and by a sudden illumination divined the sorrows of the whole race. The words of the old hymn known in childhood, and sung a hundred times mechanically, flashed upon her with a new significance:

Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize
And sail through bloody seas?

Why, in comparison with one of those brave souls who every day freely offered the rich sacrifices of life, she was unworthy of God's care. Going down into the valley of humiliation she found her-

self upon spiritual heights, where airs from Heaven blew fresh and strong, and outlooks were obtained of the holy land.

One morning, when the shrill November wind was piling the dead leaves high in the paths, the journal came as usual. There had been a cavalry skirmish—a small affair, in which few troops were engaged and the loss trifling—only one man killed. A thousand eyes had idly glanced over the paragraph, none followed on to the name of the soldier in such agonizing terror as May.

"Mortally wounded, First Lieut. Robert Russel."

"Ah me! as if it would not break any heart, as if it were a common thing, a slight piece of news!"

"God has stricken me heavily, my child."

That was all. Mr. Russel could say, and this was what he said all that black day. He was quite incapable of action, and when May said she must go to Robbie, assented as if it were quite natural that she alone should go.

And May left her mother, striving to hide her own grief, and set out on her journey. Everybody was very kind to her, and she found all her difficulties smoothed, she scarcely knew how.

Waiting, after three days, in the station-house at Washington, she was not at all surprised to see Hugh come in.

"Dear May, Robbie is looking for you."

He led her to him, past the long lines of white beds each with its pale sufferer, awestruck and trembling, but sustained by an unseen hand.

Was that Robbie? Helpless, shattered, parched with fever, and with the gray shadow of death upon his face. He brightened up at the sight of her and kissed her as she bent over him, caressing her curls in his old tender way. "Darling May, I knew you would come. Tell father; he will forgive me now for coming. God wanted me more than he did. And, May, if you could think a little differently for Hugh's sake, dear fellow." He wandered a little—then cried, half rising:

"May, you should have seen my men charge. What was it, May? Into the jaws of death—May! May! I'm not sorry I came."

He lay quietly, breathing softly—then, opening his eyes and waving his hand with all his own boyish grace, he cried:

"Forward!"

And so, in a moment, was immeasurably distant.

"How long will it be before we can start, Hugh?" asked May an hour afterward.

"A few hours—we will go at noon."

"Then I shall be busy among the soldiers. The doctor told me help was urgently needed."

And May fitted from bed to bed, a wonder and a blessing, with her soft voice, her pitying touch, her golden hair, and meek, sorrowful eyes.

Mr. Russel sat in his parlor at home. Everything spoke of Robbie. Even the dog at his feet showed, in his half-human way, his knowledge that something was gone wrong. But it was not of these things Mr. Russel was thinking—scarcely even of Robbie.

Doubtless no less a shock would have shown him his own heart. Passages of Scripture came thronging to his mind—words he had listened to all his lifetime, comfortably applying them to the miserable sinners that lived before the flood. Now they came home to him saying, unmistakably:

"Thou art the man!"

It was all just the same to Hugh as it was a year ago—the crisp November air, the brook singing under the thin ice, the white line of road winding past the mill and by the elms, and up the hill and on into the far night—only May was by his side. But where was Robbie?

"What day is this?" asked Mr. Russel, after they had sat in silence a long time.

"This is Thanksgiving Day, papa," said May, softly.

"And Robbie is lying dead in the other room."

"Oh, papa!"

"Don't cry, May. Last year he was mine, and I gloried in him, and was proud of him. Now God has taken him, and if I would not lose Robbie I must go along the same path he went."

Mr. Russel rose and left the room. He came back after a little, softened and calm.

They all drew near each other. The night grew old. A few flakes of snow waned slowly downward, and the stars went out in the gloom.

In a thousand homes sorrow was forgotten in sleep—around a thousand lives perpetual night had closed—but in heaven the unsleeping angels sang continually, and mortal woe and weakness was become immortal joy and strength.

Oh, my country! By such red baptism must thou be consecrated—through such sacrifices sealed with the sign of the cross.

So must we bear the sins of the past, that the future may be absolved from sorrow—that cut of the ashes of our desolation may spring again the undying flame of national honor—a new phoenix, a bird of Jove, majestic and beautiful, and spotless as the unstained heavens!

A GAMBLING SCENE AT PIKE'S PEAK.

ONE OF OUR most meritorious rising painters gives us, in this elaborate sketch, a scene often witnessed at the goldfields in this country and Australia. Money lightly got is freely spent, and though the toils of the miner to reach the land where the sand or primeval quartz are mingled with the precious metal cannot be accounted light, yet the fact that he actually gathers in a golden harvest makes it so, and none more freely part with their stores than these men.

Hence gambling abounds; and the strange scene appears of men unshorn, unkempt, shoeless and ragged, gambling away, madly and constantly, gold needed for their own comfort. The picture shows every phase of the game: the wily, unconcerned keeper of the hell, the anxious gambler, another besotted by liquor, the coarse and vulgar, the drawn knife and revolver, with some whose countenances are redeemed by higher civilization. The principal figure in attire of a sailor, drawn away by one of a noble mine, is a portrait of the dray-air, stupification and self-reproach of the ruined gambler. The picture will well repay study and examination.

THE SILENT HALL.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

SEEST thou yonder vacant hall?
Seest thou its dark shadowed space?
Closed the windows, shuttered tall,
Stillness fills the lonely place.

Once her merry echoes fell
Where you walls in silence stand—
Once you hall was loved well;
There, years gone, I held her hand.

There I felt her kisses warm
Throbbing on my restless lips,
There we heeded never storm
Tossing treasure-hoards' ships.

She my jewel, I her crown;
King and queen, right royal we;
Cared we for no mortal frown—
Wanted we none argosie.

Yonder vacant hall has seen
Blisses none could sweeter be;
All is past! where she has been,
Nevermore she waits for me!

BROWN VS. BROWNE.

My name is John Achilles Brown. I have borne it for forty-seven years, and I flatter myself that it is a pure American name; there are no false pretences about it; it stands for what it represents, nothing more, nothing less. I live in Twenty-fourth street west, New York, write my income with five figures, pay my taxes regularly, and vote for the Government, from which I generally get two or three small contracts a year; add to this that I have a charming wife—she belongs to the Van Rinkles of the Fifth avenue—an obedient family, a good cellar and a first-rate cook, and you will acknowledge that I possess in me and around me all the necessary elements to make me, if not a happy man, at least a contented one.

Well, sir, it is far from being so, and here I stand one of the most unfortunate beings on this planet; my sleep is haunted, my cup is embittered; I shudder when somebody pronounces the name of Brown behind me, and it is with a feeling of apprehension that I scan my morning paper and look at the police reports.

I have not even the consolation left to me to go to law for redress, for the cause of all my misfortune, the nightmare which haunts me, the poisoner who pours bitters and gall in my nectar, the sword hanging over me every second of my life is—must I confess it?—my neighbor Jack Alva Browne with all his police reports.

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To record the numberless annoyances to which that neighborhood has subjected me would fill a volume. I will pass under silence the letters delivered wrongly at my place, and vice versa; the sundry orders from the pastrycook paid by me Brown, and eaten and never accounted for by my homonym with an "e," the repeated visits of the tax collector claiming from me an amount due by that semipertinent neighbor; but I must tell you of what happened to me not later than yesterday. I forbore to complain till then, but it was the roseleaf—roses indeed!—thrown in the full cup, and here it overflows. We were at breakfast; I had just gone through one column of the *Herald*, while my wife and my daughter held a most lively discussion about Miss Chase's bridal *parure*, and I was in the act of buttering my third muffin, when the servant put into my hands a card, of which I forward a facsimile:

CAPTAIN BLUNDERBUSS,
ASTER HOUSE.

He mentioned also that the gentleman who delivered it requested to see me immediately on urgent business. I grumbled at the annoyance of being bored at mealtimes, especially by strangers, and relinquishing my *robe de chambre* and slippers, I prepared to receive the unwelcome visitor.

"My dear," said my wife, "above all, do not get excited."

Now, if there be anything in the world which tends to ruffle my temper and to roughen the habitual smoothness of my nature it is to be told not to get excited. So I launched at once in a passion, and it was with anything but feelings of good fellowship that I entered my study, where Captain Blunderbuss was waiting.

The captain was a man of about forty, with very military air and an immense black moustache, which he was stroking most fiercely.

"Mr. Brown, I suppose," said he, in a very stern voice.

I nodded assent.

"You can hardly be surprised at my visit," added he, "after what happened last night," and he looked at me knowingly. "Count Papageno has related to me the whole of the occurrence, and I beg you will favor me with the name of your friend, to arrange preliminaries."

Rather taken aback by this introduction, I assured the captain that I knew nothing about the occurrence he alluded to, and that Count Papageno was a complete stranger to me.

"I am sorry to see," replied he, articulating every word most energetically, "that a gentleman of your standing requires to have his memory refreshed under such circumstances. However, as it is so," and his lip curled, "here are the bare facts: You were last night at Wallack's. Coming out of it, you entered the Lafarge House; a political discussion was entered into, and after having hurled all your arguments at my friend, you tried to force your own ideas upon him by breaking your stick on his shoulders. Now, sir," and he rose from his seat, "what have you got to answer?"

By this time indignation fairly choked me.

"Sir 2-2-2!" said I, "if this is a joke, it is of a very questionable nature. I have already told you

that the whole of your statement is Hebrew to me, and I must decline hearing any more of it. I wish you very good-morning," and I reached the bell-handle.

"Stop," said the captain. "Stop, sir; I will very soon convince you," and he fumbled in his pocket, muttering something about white feather. It wing produced a small thin package, he placed it in my hand. "Look at this, Mr. Brown—look at this, and I dare say you will soon recover your memory."

I opened the parcel. It contained a fragment of a gold-mounted cane.

"Well, sir?" said the captain.

"Well, sir," replied I, as fairly puzzled as before.

"Does this satisfy you?" and his finger pointed to the golden top.

I looked. There it stood—"J. A. BROWNE, New York!" All was evident to me from that instant. It was another shaft from my neighbor's quiver.

I explained the "e" to the captain. He apologized, repared the fragment of the cane and five minutes later I had the satisfaction to see him ringing most ferociously at the door of my neighbor.

"My dear," said my wife, "all this is in consequence of a low neighborhood. Why not have a brown stone front in Madison or Fifth avenues, like the Jenkines, the Beadles, the—"

. Here I picked up my hat and ran off.

A NEW HAIR-OIL.

DAVID and Robert, two young men noted for their careful toilet, lodged at a house where the servant girls take their share of hair-oils, tooth-powders, and use the hairbrushes and cologne water regardless of expense. The young men, dwelling together, were in the habit of getting a pint of hair-oil made up by the druggist at a time; and, finally, they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair-oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume that they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair-oil bottle was empty, they took the bottle which contained it and straight they went to the chemists. They got a mixture of various articles in a bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription-book as the contents:

"Of *lac assafetida* (which, for the information of our readers, we will state is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug), one ounce.

"Of liquor potassae (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive quality, having the power of taking the hair off in ten seconds), half an ounce.

"Of balsam fir (the stickiest and gummiest article known), one ounce.

"Of honey, one ounce.

"Of alcohol, to make the ingredients fluid, half a pint."

This was well shook and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair-oil. The next day (Sunday) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church and travelled downstairs. But they came up again in a few minutes and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came into the next room.



A GAMBLING SCENE AT PIKE'S PEAK.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—BATTERY ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—FROM A REBEL PHOTOGRAPH.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SOLDIERS LOOKING AT A SHOW NEAR CULPEPER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.

THE FUTURE'S RAINBOW.

From the dim enchanted Future leans a picture
 sugary sweet,
Like the bow that spans the Heavens when the rain
 and sunshine meet;
There is the rain of sorrow, falling o'er a waste of
 bittered bloom,
Beneath the sunlight of the Future, lighting up the
 dark gloom.
Out the picture rare and radiant! Oh! that picture
 is sugary sweet,
Like the bow that spans the Heavens when the rain
 and sunshine meet,
Is a garland-vine, embowered—singing birds about
 the bough,
Sunshine streaming through the window on the
 dainty cottage floor.
Roses climbing 'round the porches like some merry
 girls at play,
Rue vines drooping graceful tendrils, in a fond,
 endearing way,
O'er the doors that open softly to the pleasant
 rooms within—
I: it swings the sweet home-picture from the Now
 my heart can win?
Is it strange the Present's shadows o'er my heart
 can cast no gloom,
When the Future beareth for me such "a freight
 of tropic bloom?"
Is it strange my smiles are shining through the
 tearful eyes,
When my life hath so much gladness waiting in
 the hastening years?
Like some gentle night-stars leaning o'er a dark-
 ened vale below,
So the Future's sunlight streameth on the Present's
 bitter woe!
Oh! that cottage in the Future, nestled in its roses
 sweet,
Shining like the bow of promise when the rain and
 sunshine meet,
Woos my heart like gentle music of a mother's
 favorites song,
Borne by summer's gentlest breezes on the breath
 of bloom along.
In that cottage, best beloved, shines thy tender,
 worshipped face,
Making bright with smiles of loving, all the dis-
 tant sweet home place.
"Home, sweet home!"—I've heard them sing it as
 I turned to hide my tears,
Gushing for the home I cherished in the glad
 vanished years.
"Home, sweet home!" My heart runs gladly in
 an eager joyous beat;
Smiles and tears make gorgeous tinting as when
 rain and sunshine meet.
"Home, sweet home!" O Father, make it fit
 me for the home above,
Make my homes on earth, in Heaven, O my
 Father, homes of love.

LADY LORME'S STRATAGEM.

By ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "THE CROSS OF HONOR," "THE
 HOUSE IN PICCADILLY," ETC.CHAPTER VI.—IN WHICH SIR ROBERT LOOKS
 SOLEMN, AND THE ANCESTRAL EVESHAMS SAD.

AUDREY LORME would have laughed and considered it no more than a semi-annoying, semi-amusing *contretemps* month ago, had her *trousseau* been appropriated by another and her countesship delayed awhile. She would have been vexed in her taste, because she herself had made her selections of robes and bonnets and bijouterie with the care and thought a pretty woman will lavish on the adornments which are destined to enhance her beauty in the richest bloom of life—her young married days. But her heart would not have been affected by the occurrence at all, and she would have been the first to soothe Evesham's impatience and side with Robert's view of things, that it would be unbecoming for his sister to leave Sir Robert Lorme's house while aught that could be considered proper for his sister to leave remained unsupplied.

But now the case was different. Clearly there was something unpropitious in the air. She could not account to herself for the fierce pang that shot through her heart when she caught the interrogatory glance levelled by her brother at his wife, and read the answer shot back by the gloriously lovely and only too eloquent gray eyes.

She saw that that answer counselled delay. Had she simply felt indignation at such interference she would have been happier; but she could not take comfort to her heart with the thought that it was only indignation which she felt. It was a sudden, hot pang of sickening fear that the deferred marriage was a blow at the chain which bound the man she loved and herself together. She looked at her brother, and saw a weak expression of waiting on his wife's award; she looked at her lover, and saw in his face an expression of profound discomfort and a pallid excitement; and then she remembered that though, had the wretched trifles which conventionality was making a thing of magnitude not occurred, she would have been in a weak bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, one with him in sickness and health, in sorrow and joy, till death parted them; she remembered, I say, that now it was his to speak and hers to be silent, even though a word from her might settle all those wavering scruples, and bid the happy end come on speedily. And remembering this—her love and her pride up in arms against each other—sorely distrustful of something she knew not what, Audrey Lorme left the room in a sorrowful rage.

When one has been laboring for a couple of hours

under the delusion that the organ, yclept a heart, has sunk to the lowest ebb of despair, it is astonishing what a shock it administers to the whole system when something unexpected occurs, and the heart goes down with rapidity to even more hopeless depths.

Audrey, during her hour's cogitation over her dressing-room fire, had declared to herself that she was profoundly miserable, under the influence of some intangible possible evil which she dreaded, she did not know why. That hour over, she roused herself sufficiently to dress and to submit to a daintily becoming organization of her fair luxuriant hair being achieved, still at intervals repeating to herself the declaration that it was "so unpleasant that she almost wished she was not going to see Evesham until she felt in better spirits and better temper." Nevertheless, when she went down into the drawing-room and found her brother and his wife there alone, and heard from the latter, in a tone of much sympathy, that "Lord Evesham had not felt very well, so he had gone home and left a little note for Audrey," the latter felt even more than heretofore that grief was gathering in the clouds, and that she would be drenched in the waters completely before—what?

The note was common-place and matter-of-fact enough. Audrey, reading it in the light of her indignation at his abrupt departure, could little guess what an effort it had cost him to pen those words. His soul was tossed in a whirlwind of passion as he wrote; a love that he felt to be guilty, and to be liable to lead on to even greater guilt if not checked—thrown out with scorn for ever—was crushing his heart. A terrible fear of something terrible that might, that surely would come on, seized him even before Lady Lorme had left him, and it reigned triumphantly when he was alone. He could not sit through an evening with the silent reproach of Audrey's pure, noble beauty, and Audrey's loyal, frank, open heart before him, and beating in imaginary response to his own (he loathed himself as he acknowledged it) false one. He invoked a curse on the syren, whom still, with all the fierce, ungovernable heat of his hot heart, he was growing to love again. And this was the frame of mind in which he had to write the few following lines, all properly kind and calm, to Audrey:

"DEAR AUDREY—Why have you kept away all the afternoon? leaving me to do battle alone against my old enemy, neuralgia, which has reached the maddening point in my head. I am useless, socially, when an attack comes on; so I am off to Evesham, hoping that the sharp ride will do me good—it often does in such cases. Of course I shall see you in a day or two."

And then, with the customary termination, he signed himself, "hers always, Evesham," and the lie as he wrote it did not wither him up.

The pleasures of domesticity are very great, and a quiet winter evening at home with one's natural friends, *i.e.*, relations, is the truest bliss this world can offer, say the storybooks of that good old fading-out class in which all the mild goodnesses of life were carefully but prositively inculcated. Many people have found out that the pleasures have been rather overrated and the bliss overstated; but no one deemed them greater fallacies than did Lady and Miss Lorme on the evening in question.

Sir Robert was not quite happy either. Leonie's loveliness was something superb, but the flush on Leonie's cheek bespoke a mind ill at rest, and Sir Robert thought that Audrey might have noticed it and attempted to subdue it by showing herself less enraptured and displeased about something. Considering how carefully Leonie was keeping her suspicions as to the cause of the appropriation of Audrey's effects to herself, thus striving to save Audrey a foolish little feminine pang of jealousy at a thing no woman can ever be brought to understand; considering Leonie was doing all these magnanimous things, even though Audrey didn't know it, Audrey ought to be good, and grateful, and cheerful, and not try to make their paradise boring and tedious to my lady. Sir Robert did not do this all this, but he looked it; and Audrey, being far from opaque, understood perfectly well what was going on in his mind, and forthwith had this pang superadded to the other, *viz.*, that her brother, whom she most dearly loved, was learning to be indifferent to her hopes and fears, pleasures and disappointments.

My lady was hot and restless, and her heart, though not full of care, was full of wild schemes and wilder passions; the burden laid upon her of not being as great and as grand as she might have been had she only been gifted with patience, was greater than she could bear. Besides, now that she was bound legally and Evesham bound honorably to another, she felt that the strongest love of which her nature was capable—and it was capable of not a trifle—was given to this man to whom, in the order of things, her husband's sister would be shortly married. No wonder her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright, and her gestures fraught with a more impassioned pantherlike grace than ever.

Is it well that we do not know the thoughts of those who are around us always; or should we gain much safety through the loss of a little peace of mind? Surely the former; the pang the knowledge that we had the hearty contempt of the friend we loved would cause more than counterbalance the knowledge that, by taking an arduous course, we might escape being socially garotted by the friend we hate. The Palace of Truth would be a hideous dwelling-place for the majority of mankind.

So, on the whole, I am inclined to think it well that when Sir Robert stood with his hands resting on the velvet-covered shoulders of his most lovely wife, while she was playing him the melodies he loved, he did not know that the active brain contained in the bright head before him was planning how she could leave him, win a higher rank, and yet save her fair fame, for the sake of the place she wanted in the world.

"I wish he'd clasp me to his heart!" the little fury thought, as she turned from him with impatience, "and bruise my arm in doing it; I would have him up at the Divorce Court for cruelty, and swear my way to freedom and Evesham."

At least, if these were not the identical words in which her sentiments were framed, these were the very ideas that passed through her mind as she rose up and—no, she had few redeeming points, if any—not freed herself from, but responded to, her husband's embrace.

Who does not know, who has not experienced at some period or another of his or her existence, an aching sense of despondency at being undervalued and unquestionably not wanted in the society which one may be chancing to adorn at the time? Sometimes this feeling is born of an overweening sense of one's own importance; sometimes of a long series of slights and insults that makes one see a foe behind every bush and a steel-blade ready to fall and cut in every look. In both of these two cases the feeling is more blamable than deserving of sympathy; it should be fought and battled against—conquered if possible; but it is when the feeling rushes upon us in connection with those who have hitherto loved, and valued, and cherished us, that the sting once felt cannot be uprooted; then no struggling against, no explaining away will avail, for we feel that distrust of them could not have arisen had they loved us as fondly as heretofore.

By which prosing route I come gradually round to the statement of the following plain unvarnished fact. Audrey learnt, with a bitter pang, that night that she was less dear to her brother than she had been—learnt that he could be harsh and unsympathetic in his judgment of her, when he viewed her through the glamour his wife had thrown over him.

The evening passed drearily after the pretence of tea had been gone through. Woolwork is a delightful institution, but it requires two or three animated conversationalists round the frame, or one devoted and absorbing holder of skeins to prevent its palling upon one. As Audrey placed stitch after stitch in the crimson rose which she had begun under Evesham's auspices a few evenings before, she felt that woolwork brought no great comfort to a heart ill at ease. Lady Lorme treated her to a sort of pitying goodnature and Sir Robert with a sort of angry forbearance, and neither of these modes of treatment agreed with Audrey Lorme.

"This is the last evening I spend in this way," she thought. "Robert's intention of sacrificing not alone his own dignity but mine at the feet of the wife who rules him with a magic that is not love, becomes more painfully apparent every hour that we live together. Robert!" she exclaimed aloud, "Christmas is coming on fast; there will be no wedding festivities to stand in the way of the usual gaieties of the season. Can't you, with Lady Lorme's leave, arrange something to while away the time pleasantly?"

Sir Robert Lorme was a good, noble-hearted man, sensible and well-educated and a gentleman; but for all that he was one of those distressing people who take their ill-temper solemnly. Now it is very possible to forgive any one for frightening you out of your life with a burst of passionate anger without reason, but it is barely possible to forgive the one who maintains a solemnly reprehending demeanor to you for a lengthened period, whether you have done anything to deserve it or not. Sir Robert Lorme had not the great art of being affable soon after being angry. He deemed Audrey unreasonable—that was the way he framed it in his mind, though what poor Audrey had done to deserve such a sentence it would be hard to say. And deeming Audrey unreasonable, he thought it would be only right to let Audrey know that "them was his sentiments." So he did it as unpleasantly as a man and a brother could do, and that was neither slightly nor lightly.

He was sorry, he said stiffly, that she found it so dull with only himself and Leonie. She would soon doubtless be in a position of so much higher rank and greater wealth (Lady Lorme's eyes flashed fire, and Lady Lorme's pouting, dewy mouth wreathed itself into a bitterly insulting smile as he said it) than they were, that a distaste for the quiet pleasures with which they were contented would be only befitting her exaltation. But in the meantime he thought it would be only kind of her not to show such utter weariness and *ennui* in the home that had been hers—he had hoped happily—for so many years. He wound up by saying that it would have shown better taste and better temper if Audrey had not been so palpably put out by the postponement of her marriage.

"That speech was never dictated by your own heart, Robert," his sister cried, pushing the work-frame from her with quick, proud gesture of scornful impatience; "it is meanly unkind, and, more than that, it is meanly untrue."

"Do you think that I prompted him, Audrey? Oh! how can you be so unjust? But no—I will not resent what you say now. I pity you too much."

"What for?" asked Audrey; "really, Lady Lorme, one requires the patience of Job, or a donkey, to deal with Robert and you to-night. I know of nothing connected with myself individually that can claim your pity. Is it the loss of the *trousseau* that you sympathise with? or is it Lord Evesham's neuralgia? or were you so nervous when your own matrimonial prospects were on the *tapis* that you think, of necessity, delay means deflection?"

"No, I had no fear, for Robert loved me; but by your asking me that question, poor unhappy girl, you evidently fear it yourself. Don't doubt him yet, Audrey dearest; you hate me—I know that; but let me plead for your happiness against yourself. Wait, don't distrust him yet, Audrey, and all may be well."

She said it in all her sweetest tones; there was nothing in lip, or eye, or manner, or tone that could be found fault with; it sounded like an

outburst of nervous affection and anxiety for Audrey; and yet if the woman had been practising for ten years instead of ten minutes she could not have put words together more deftly that would surely go well home to the heart and wound. To be told by one you hate not to "doubt and distrust" one you most dearly love is the very refinement of feminine cruelty. The gauntlet was thrown down now, and Lady Lorme and Audrey knew that they were enemies—to the death.

"Have I gone too far," thought my lady, as she sat by the fire, one hand clasped in her husband's and the other shielding her cheek from the blaze. "Have I put her on her guard, or only incensed her? If she comes to an explanation with him before my plans are matured, I am ruined as far as obtaining freedom (and a place) is concerned."

And while these two women, the one lofty souled, good, trustful, and pure—the other madly ambitious, passionate, and recklessly unscrupulous, were both aching at heart for him, what was the young lord lover doing to pass away the hours of that long December night?

He had ridden Cock Robin home at a terrible pace, but black sare was faster, and was at Evesham ready to receive him when he entered. Then—it may seem an undignified thing to mention in connection with a man who is meant to be a hero, but these minor things are very important in the great drama of life—then his dinner was hurriedly prepared (it had been supposed that he would dine at Combehurst and the cook was disgusted at the interruption his return caused to a convivial party she was entertaining) and badly cooked. The room he elected to take his wine in was cold, for the fire had been suffered to go out, and now when it was lighted hastily it burnt under protest. The *Cornhill* was given to him, smelling of *patchouli* from the handkerchiefs of the housemaid, who had been reading the "Roundabout Papers" and wondering what such ribbidge meant, when the serial was demanded from her aggrieved hands in haste for her impatient master by a sympathetic funkey, who opined in strong language that it was a wrong thing of any one to come home and make a bother when it was reasonably anticipated that he would stay away and leave folks to enjoy themselves. All these things militated considerably against Lord Evesham passing even a comfortable evening as far as externals were concerned.

The room in which he was sitting, before the fire that wouldn't burn well, was the library. Every library has its speciality, and from it generally better than any other room in a house may you gain an insight into its owner's mind. Some rush recklessly into rich bindings and hilt, gorgeously emblazoned tomes. Some go in *pendant*, others again for prettiness, while the majority stick to what is legitimate, and get properly supplied with the right kind of book wholesale. The speciality of the Evesham library was not in its books, strangely enough, but in its pictures. The bookshelves merely ran a few feet up the walls, and the space between the tops of them and the ceiling was filled entirely with fine but sombre and flyblown ancestors of the dark, gloomy man who sat by the fire and glanced round on them occasionally, with a look half scornful, half mournful.

There were refined Vandyke beauties and cavaliers; there were voluptuous dames, whose charms had been immortalized by Lely, and bird-and-dove carrying shepherdesses of a later date. They were all handsome, those Eveshams, men and women too, but the thing about them which attracted most—which struck their descendant painfully to-night—was the deep shade of melancholy which lived in the steady dark eyes and on the broad resolute brows of all.

"They all—all came to bad or sad ends," he muttered; "we are doomed, we Eveshams, to be wicked or unhappy."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PARSIMONIOUS EARL.

PERHAPS the next worst thing to a beggarly nobleman is a parsimonious one; I should be inclined myself to give precedence in badness to the mean man, but I know the way of the world is to regard the moneyless one as the greater sinner, therefore I will only claim for the Earl of Corbyn second-rate honors in the contempt of my readers.

Mention has been already made of his wife in these pages; she was the lady who tried her noble hand at "putting down" Lady Lorme, when that estimable woman first came into the neighborhood. She was the lady whose failure in that womanly attempt was duly chronicled.

When she, the second daughter of the Duke of Oldmaynham, married the Earl of Corbyn, she knew that though from a financial point of view she was not doing a very brilliant thing, still it was the best thing she could do. Her father had nothing but his blessing to give his children, and that, taking into consideration what a character he had borne from the time he could speak plain, was scarcely worth having. However, as it was all he had to give, his daughters took it when they married, and between them made up an income for him, and pensioned him off at a London hotel while he lived; his son declined the honor of contributing to the filial purse; he regarded his father with the warm feelings sons of expensive habits are apt to have towards the fathers who have ruined them. Lady Corbyn's early married career was one struggle between the promise she had made to her sisters, and the difficulty she experienced in getting possession of a pound. The earl's income was not colossal—his care of it was; the result was a style of living that was imposing when seen from a distance, but very uncomfortable to those within its circle.

The blood of the Corbys was as blue as it is possible to conceive anything short of indigo could be; and the Oldmaynhams were blessed with a fluid circulating in their veins of an equally ortho-

dark hue. Nevertheless the daughters of the house of Corbyn, Lady Julia, Lady Grace, and Lady Margaret, showed more beauty than blood, and were consequently spoken of even by the warmest admirers of their rank as "fine girls, but not pretty."

This last fact not even their father's being an earl and their grandfather a duke could alter. They were tall, they had mealy faces, rather fine blue eyes, and more than rather sandy hair; their figures were not good, and they were not graceful; but for all that they were not cast in the mould of beauty, they were plentifully gifted with feelings of profound admiration for themselves, and of the loftiest matrimonial aspirations. The youngest—Lady Margaret—had been destined by her fond parents from her cradle to be Lady Evesham; she had accepted the fate they proposed to her with a readiness that spoke as well for her taste as it did for her dutifulness, for Evesham was unexceptionable. Those little peccadilloes of his which got noised abroad she paid no manner of attention to—not because, like Audrey Lorme, she loved, but, on the contrary, because she didn't love, and hoped that the more "scrapes," as she called it, that he got into the less likely he would be to marry any one else before he came in the way of her net. It had been a hard and a horrible thing to endure, when at the grand ball they (the Corbys) gave in his honor on his return from the Continent, after coming to the title, to see him palpably fall at once a willing victim to Audrey Lorme. It had been wofully painful to endure that interval of surmising and uncertainty before the match was proclaimed as a thing that really was to come off. But when the match was settled, with the beautiful bravery that comes of "blood" they made the best of it, pressed the thorn of envy closely home in secret to their right honorable bosoms, kissed Audrey in the course of a morning call of congratulation, and determined that as Margaret was not to reign at Evesham, it would be only wise to make an ally instead of a foe of the lady who was.

I have hinted that the earl was parsimonious; the countess, I may as well state here, was worse—she was a pretentious screw. She had given her daughters cheap French, Italian and German governesses, and these had not imparted the best of either accents, morals or manners to their aristocratic charges—but with that my story has nothing to do. She would give them splendid silks—thousands of yards of ethereal tulle to hang about their gaunt persons—and the most elegant and becoming bonnets that Madame Thoumal's taste and ingenuity could devise when they were going out; but she grudged them flannel enough to keep them warm, and was severe upon their appetites down at Corbyn, and that tradesman was unlucky who chanced to have a "remnant" on his counter when the countess sailed into his shop, for she was sure to have it for next to nothing.

The matter of the postponed marriage was soon carried to them by that wonderful little bird who is perpetually going about with its venomous whisper. They talked it over, the mother and her three daughters, in the dressing-room of the former, before they went down to their early luncheon, which was the first meal at which they found it convenient to make their appearance, for "any old robe de chambre did for upstairs and saved dressing till it was time to go out." So now in their dingly draped, crinolineless, unadorned ugliness they sat and discussed the affair, and naturally enough—for were they not of the softer sex?—accused Audrey in ten minutes of every crime and folly in the calendar of feminine crimes and follies.

The extraordinary thing about a broken engagement is, that no matter what the circumstances, the woman always gets blamed as well as pitied. Those of her own sex heave huge sighs of compassion over her blighted prospects, but at the same time they contrive to depreciate her claims to that compassion by elevating their eyebrows and screwing up their lips.

The Ladies Corbyn did not come to their matutinal meal in good spirits or good tempers, any more than they had in distress. They dropped in one after the other with their sandy hair pushed away unbecomingly under nets, their cheeks leaden-hued from over-sleep, and eyes dull from lack of excitement. The tea "was overdrawn," Lady Julia declared pettishly as she poured out a cup and prepared to drink it; the remark roused the countess from the perusal of a letter she had just received, and her speech when she was aroused infused new life into the whole party.

"Put the eggs in," she exclaimed, "they'll be boiled by the time we've had prayers" (she was a very pious woman, and never omitted heating up prayers and thanksgivings every morning). "I have such news, girls! there's a scandal of some sort come out at Comhurst, and Lord Evesham has started off to the Continent."

"I always thought Audrey Lorme a detestable girl," said Lady Margaret, energetically. "I am glad, though, whatever it is, that it has come out before poor Evesham was indissolubly tied up with her."

"It may not be Audrey, after all," said Lady Julia, who had not quite such good grounds for hating Audrey as her sisters had: "most probably something has been discovered about that horrid woman Sir Robert picked up in London. I always thought she was a mere adventuress—I always said so. Too bad of him to thrust her upon society in the way he has done, contaminating other people."

Lady Julia had at one time thought of marrying the baronet herself; therefore her virtuous indignation against the possible past of his wife was a genuine thing.

"Do let us have prayers; the eggs will be too hard," said Lady Grace.

"What a bore it is that Buckle always will carry my soft hassock away to her own room," remarked the countess, picking up the volume of "Family Devotions" in a casual kind of way. "Suppose

I sit in the easy chair, and read them. I can't kneel down—it makes me sick."

"Suppose we have breakfast first," said Lady Grace. "You have not given me the food for my mind that you have Julia and Margaret; you see, I never wanted to marry either Evesham or Lorme."

"And I never heard that either of them wanted to marry you, my dear," snapped Lady Margaret.

"Precisely the remark that I was about to append to my former sentence respecting yourself, my love," replied Lady Grace. "Let us give Audrey Lorme the benefit of a doubt, and hope that it's not so bad as mamma's letter has led her to imagine; you know how these things always get exaggerated."

"My correspondent is reliable," said the countess, buttering some cold toast; "but I tell you what we will do—send out invitations for a dinner-party today, and call on the Lormes to-morrow; we owe them both a dinner and a call, and we may get at the truth that way a little."

"That nasty little wretch, his wife, is capable of braving anything out, if it's about herself," said Lady Julia. "Who had better go with you, mamma, to-morrow?"

"Margaret and yourself, I think. Tiresome it is that the Gospel Propagation subscription is due, for we must have new lace and buttons on the liveries before a dinner. I think I shall write and say that I disapprove of the principles on which it is conducted; your father, as a politician, considers christianizing the heathen a mistake. I am very sorry for it, of course; but as a wife, my first duty is to consult my husband's scruples."

"Well, you needn't waste your reasons for doing what is convenient on us, mamma. No more tea, thank you, Julia. I sha'n't wait for prayers now; for if the invitations are to go out to-day, they ought to be filled up and sent. I will give O'Brien the list, mamma; I suppose the usual people are to be asked?"

Lady Grace rose as she asked her question, and put, with something like feminine coquetry, her net on more becomingly.

"Yes, the usual people," said the countess; and then she added, in a crosser tone, "your father insists that his secretary, librarian, whatever he may be, is always to be invited properly, and treated like a guest at our formal dinner-parties. For my own part, I don't see why he should be; he chooses to sit by himself and nurse his fallen grandeur in his own study at other times, when we really would be glad of him to amuse us; but your father is so full of whims about the wretched Irishman, that you must invite him, Grace."

"I don't fancy myself that Grace will object to that part of the mission at all," said her eldest sister, as Lady Grace left the room. "It's a fortunate thing for us that Grace is no beauty, otherwise I am very much mistaken if we should not have to bewail a *maliance*."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the countess. "No one with the blood of the Oldmayhams in their veins would think for a moment of marrying a servant."

And then they finished their eggs, and being now quite warm and comfortable, said their prayers with much unction.

The late Earl of Corbyn had been a great bibliomaniac; with much care and at much expense he had collected together, from every quarter of the globe, books and manuscripts, pamphlets and parchments. Not being anything of a philologist, he had been rather imposed upon in many of his transactions; and as his son and heir was possessed of even less learning and greater vanity than himself, the state of the Corbyn library (to which was usually prefixed the epithet of "great") was chaos.

That it was so had been pointed out to him during the shooting season of the year of my story, by a devoted but indiscreet friend; and it was to remedy all its defects, and get it in the order which it behoved the great Corbyn library to be in, that the services of Dillon O'Brien, Esq., had been secured.

Now, all kinds of persons may be expected to answer when a "nobleman of literary taste" advertises for "a librarian and amanuensis." Broken-spirited, conscientious English scholars, with care on their brows and holes in their gloves, are sure to appear; so are mournful-eyed Italians, who call themselves counts, and have been couriers—German barons of noble lineage, wearing a professional aspect and large boots, assist to swell the list—Frenchmen who skip and gesticulate, and wind up with a shoulder-shrugging confession of their ignorance of all matters in heaven and earth, and under the latter, offer their animated services. But it is rarely indeed that a son of Erin can be found ready to enter into the ranks of drudgery of the great army of learned-dom.

Lord Corbyn knew little enough, heaven knows; but he did happen to have that much knowledge of the law of chances, viz: that if the handsome, refined young Irishman, who presented himself with a card and without a single letter of introduction, was worth anything, he would be worth much as a librarian and literary slavey to himself.

The interview was satisfactory so far to both parties, that Lord Corbyn agreed to take, and Mr. O'Brien to give his services. "What they were worth," O'Brien said, "could be better determined at the end of the year." It was a very loose and unpractical kind of arrangement, but Lord Corbyn was just gentleman enough to resolve upon one thing—that *noblesse oblige* should not be the cause of the proud, chivalrous young Irishman losing anything.

It is one of the cries of this practical age that *noblesse oblige* "does not pay." I hope it is not true; I hope that it is fashionable cynicism alone which utters and endorses such sentiments. I lack faith in many an old tradition; I have learnt to laugh and deride at things which I once held to be true and great; but I have not learnt, and I trust I never shall learn, to doubt the gentle feeling that springs from gentle blood. At any rate, even if I doubted it, Dillon O'Brien did not; he resolved to

trust for his treatment to Lord Corbyn's honor, and Lord Corbyn knew this, and resolved that his honor should not fail him.

On the morning when the countess and her daughters discussed the broken truth—as they hoped it might prove—between Lord Evesham and Audrey, Mr. O'Brien, my lord's secretary, sat alone in his study, smoking—I am sorry to say it—a pipe of Turkish tobacco.

Had he been standing instead of sitting, you would have seen, if you had entered that room, reader, that the sword had more to do with his early days than learned tome or pictured page. He was a soldier every inch of him; a tall, firm, upright figure, a graceful, lithe gait and bearing; a face that was not strictly handsome when taken line by line, but that had a marvellous charm in its mobility. Eyes that would flash one moment with ungovernable temper, glitter the next with the wildest fun, and soften the next with an indescribable pathos that is never seen save in Irish eyes; bright, curling, dark-brown hair; a complexion southern in its dark warm pallor, and the finest cut mouth out of which the matchless accents of Erin have ever fallen. A handsome man altogether you will admit it, and *felt* to be so by the Lady Grace Corbyn.

"I am tired of this life," said the gentleman, starting up and going to the window; "old Corbyn's books are dry and dusty, and his daughters are worse. After all, though I have been kicked out of the service for no fault of my own, it is a mean thing of me to come here and pretend to catalogue these books with anything like understanding." Then he paused and whistled the first few bars of a pathetically sweet melody, his eyes the while taking that steadfastly absent look eyes will have when their owners are looking back into the past; and then he softly sang, in a rarely sweet, full, luscious voice:

"Give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes."

"Give a sigh to those times," he repeated bitterly. "Why should she give a sigh for the time when that bleak, cold Chesterfield walk on dull Blackheath was fraught with golden fancies, as full of love's young dreams to us—she, the frank, un-sullied schoolgirl—I, the not less frank cadet as ever that 'alley of limes' was to Moore in Bermuda. That's all past and buried, and I was a fool to come into the neighborhood for the sake of trying to resuscitate it. I can't even catch sight of her."

It was at this moment that Lady Grace entered with the invitation list.

"Oh, Mr. O'Brien," she said, "we have a dinner-party on the 20th; will you be kind enough to help me with the invitations?"

Mr. O'Brien's answer was all that a polite Irishman's is sure to be. His thought was:

"Why couldn't she have left me the list and rid me of her company, the sandy-haired old coquette?" but he did not express that in his mother tongue.

"You will be sure to give us your company on that evening, I hope, Mr. O'Brien; it will be very unkind and unfriendly of you if you will not?"

He was just going to refuse and plead a previous engagement with an imaginary old regimental friend who would be in the neighborhood; but before he could speak his eye caught the next names on the list, and he saw they were those of "Sir Robert, Lady and Miss Lorme."

"Thank you, Lady Grace; since you are kind enough to wish it, I will be sure to do myself the honor," he said.

And Lady Grace's cheek flushed to a corresponding hue to the one which overpread his face as he bent down and continued his task.

(To be continued.)

LOUISIANA SCENERY.

The Achafalya, made known to all readers of classic English by the *Widow of the South*, has, like many another scene of quiet beauty, been visited by the storm of war, and an officer, who yields the pencil with as much spirit as he does the sword, sends us a view of St. Simonsport and another scene on the banks of the Achafalya. St. Simonsport is a post village in Avery's parish, 237 miles west of New Orleans, in the midst of a rich and picturesque region.

THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The strange position of affairs in South Carolina, the long siege of Charles-ton, and the apparent hopelessness of ever carrying it by a frontal attack, will form one of the most interesting features in this war. The Confederates have been utterly unable to dislodge the Union troops that so boldly occupied the rich seacoast of the leading State of the South; and seem only to bar the further progress of the Union arms. Rival forts held steadily at each other. Of the Union forts we have given occasional sketches; those of the enemy we have shown at a distance. Some photographs from rebel sources enable us to show the interior of one of their batteries.

SCENE AT CULPEPER.

The army of the Potowmack, as the many generalised army continues to be styled, has since the reconnaissance of Miles, gone into winter quarters, and we can no longer present views of the stirring action, incidents of a heroic character. A pleasing sketch by our Artist shows a group of soldiers and young contrabands, near Culpeper; a travelling showman is packing up his small profits by a wonderful show.

THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.—A modern writer has said that the greatest proof of a "divinity that shapes our ends" is the *anomalous*. Certainly nothing is more astonishing than the fact that air and water are peopled with innumerable myriads invisible to the common eye. No one knows what undeveloped wonders lie around him till he buys one of Craig's microscopes, which are the best and deepest instruments ever made. Craig's office is 333 Broadway.

LAMENTED.

THEY are singing a hymn in the choir,
A sorrowful dirge for the dead,
A spark of ethereal fire
Has sprung from earth's bonds and fled.

Her face is serene as she lies,
For virtue has there set its seal,
To show that it owned as a prize
Her soul, that had naught to conceal.

A spirit of grace from her birth,
In heart, soul, beauty and mind,
She was all that was precious on earth,
Till now to the grave is consigned.

She died in the springtime of life,
As a blossom crushed flower will die,
When exposed to the storm and the strife
That flows from a pitiless sky.

The tablet that speaks of her worth
May fritter with time, and decay—
But the sorrow that crushed her to earth
Will be read at the last judgment day!

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

IT may be a question whether an army is or is not brave, when on being attacked at its morning meal, it resolves at all hazards to break fast.

THE ladies may not go back upon the highways, but they are compelled to by their husbands as being very much addicted to *way-wives*.

IT is difficult to keep one's temper in a hot taking umbrage.

A RESPECTABLE gentleman doesn't like to have a heavy charge leveled against him—especially if it is in a gun.

"Do you know, sir, that, when I left home, my neighbors honored me with a musical *entertainment*?" "Oh, I understand, you were drummed out."

HOWEVER high house rents may be, you can have at least one roof at your command.

IT is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that *Sunday* is a day of rest.

WHEN the government is visited the political doctors generally apply *loose* to its chest.

A LOVER sees his sweetheart everything he looks at, just as a man, bitten by a dog, sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all around him.

CHILDREN are generally very noisy, but we often make so much noise in the world that we do not deserve.

A DUCKING in cold water lessens the temper of hot steel, but increases that of fiery women.

THE man who makes a boast of extraordinary shrewdness hasn't got a particle.

MANY a man who is proud to be a master has a wife at home who is whole master.

A FARMER, a lawyer, or a doctor may be very respectable individual, but a hotel-keeper is not.

HARRY and Tom are carpenters. I wish they had not long ago and found that they had a quarrel. Harry made many explanations, and he:

"Then, Tom, I hope we are friends again."

"No we ain't," said Tom.

"How so?"

"Why, you insulted me."

"Oh, well, I aplogize for that," said Harry; "I hope there is nothing between you and me now, and the sly rogue placed a large deal board between him and Tom."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Tom; "you was a sad offence, and there's a great deal between us yet!"

MODERN "DEVOTION."

OH, we walked and talked together
In the happy summer-time,
In the warm, delightful weather,
When the year was at its prime;
And I loved him—oh! I loved him
From the spring till autumn's fall,
But when the winter came again,
We didn't speak at all!

'Twas a night in warm September,
When we pitied first our woes;
But no one heard their murmur,
Save some ruminating cows;

And 'twas just as well they didn't,
For though we're all of them true,
Er the middle of November er
They were broken quite in two!

But you mustn't think me heartless,
For I loved him, I declare;
I had such beautiful moustaches,
And such lovely, curly hair!
Yet, I must confess our sorrow
Was very soon assuaged,
For the odious wretch is married,
And I—well, I'm engaged!

A DISAPPOINTED lover down East hung himself with a string of onions.

"COME, Bill, it's 10 o'clock; I think we had better be going, for it's time honest folks were at home."

"Well, yes," was the reply; "I must be off, but you needn't go on that account."

SOME writer exclaims, "What is beauty without soap?" Sometimes fashionable beauty is nothing with soap. We have seen many a cheek from which the beautiful red-rose hue would vanish before that useful article, like a ghost before sunrise.

THE PRIZFIGHT IN ENGLAND.

ONE of our allies lately offered a jesting reward for a *prizfight*. The war and its news had palled on the public mind; the President's message, which in more peaceful days was always extrod, came almost unnoticed; that of the insurgent chief, came almost unnoticed; but a sensation came for England and America. The Russian question was forgotten, the British Isles; cotton and intervention subside; to hear the result of the great prize fight; and so, where the Titanic civil war is straining every nerve and sinew on the body politic to the uttermost, men indifferent to the great events of the day, the present crisis and future state of the country, rushed in crowds to secure the extra account of the great struggle between King and Heenan. There was a sensation. We give as our part of the illustrated history of a day a portrait of King, the victor in the late prize fight, that hereafter men may know what was the great topic of the week.

The great fight came off on Dec. 1, at Tunbridge, on one of the hills of Sussex that could be seen for 20 miles around.

The sun shone beautifully the whole day, the company was exceedingly select and there was not the slightest appearance of interruption from the moment of landing to that of departure. Gentle and simple, and noble and plucky were present in large numbers—over 1,000.

The fight began at 4 o'clock, and for a time Heenan seemed to have the advantage, throwing King repeatedly. To give his opponent telling blows in the face, was unable to continue, and 24th round Heenan his defeat.

His backers admiringly devote a leader to the affair and The London graphic special account. It editorially says: "As game throughout, from the beginning to the close of the fight, and he put the 'hug' on so as to terrify his antagonist by dashing him to the ground. King's tactics were different and more creditable to a professor of pugilism. They consisted simply in striking a series of sledge-hammer blows on the most prominent and sensitive parts of Heenan's physiognomy until the latter collapsed from exhaustion."

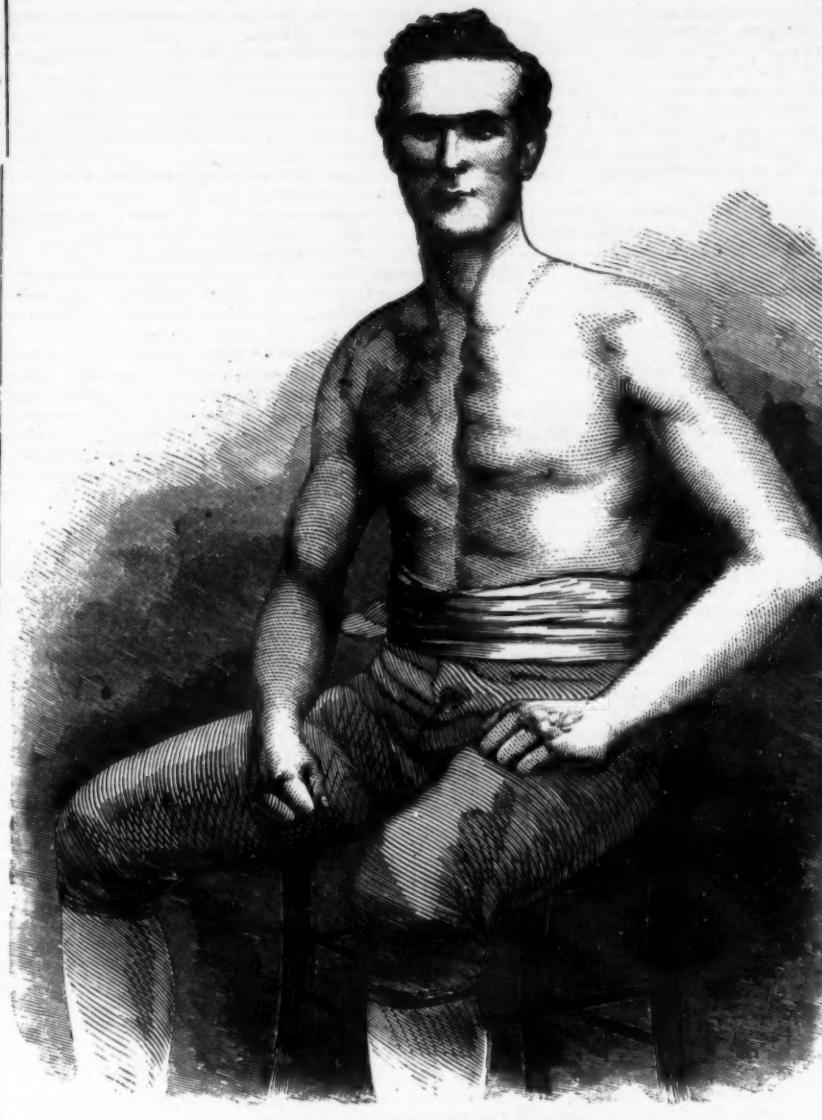
The affair was over in 24 rounds and 35 minutes. There appears to have been little science on either side, but it was, nevertheless, a fair stand-up fight, without a check, and ended in a decisive victory for King."

FIRST U. S. HUSSARS.

The press war has led to organizations of every kind in European armies, and to some quite novel their character, but most effective in their operations. Hitherto no Hussar regiments have been raised, and we present to-day sketches of the 1st Hussar regiment raised for real uniform in the country. It is now organized in service in New Jersey, under command of Col. A. J. Morrison, formerly of the New York cavalry, and sub-rison, of the 26th New Jersey volunteers.

Those who join the regiment receive the same Thru the county, State and general Government, made by a Newark firm, is a showy uniform, made by a Newark firm, is a showy

Tactic one, being based on that of the Austrian Hussars. The pantaloons in the usual cavalry style a yellow stripe; and the jacket is trimm'd with yellow cord. The baldric and aglets are over the shoulder, across the breast. Instead overcoat they wear a talma, with tassel over left shoulder. The cap is very neat and comfortable. The hussars carry a very fine carbine,



THOMAS KING, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION.

superior to any now in use, sabre and pistol. The ranks are rapidly filling, and the regiment will soon take the field.

Col. Morrison is an experienced officer. The correspondent of the Newark Journal thus describes his part in the battle of Fredericksburg:

"Early in the morning Col. Morrison made a reconnaissance of a rebel battery on our left, and asked permission of Gen. Howe to charge it through a ravine which led to its rear, but the General pointed to the height, the capture of which would have a decisive effect upon the future movements of the enemy."

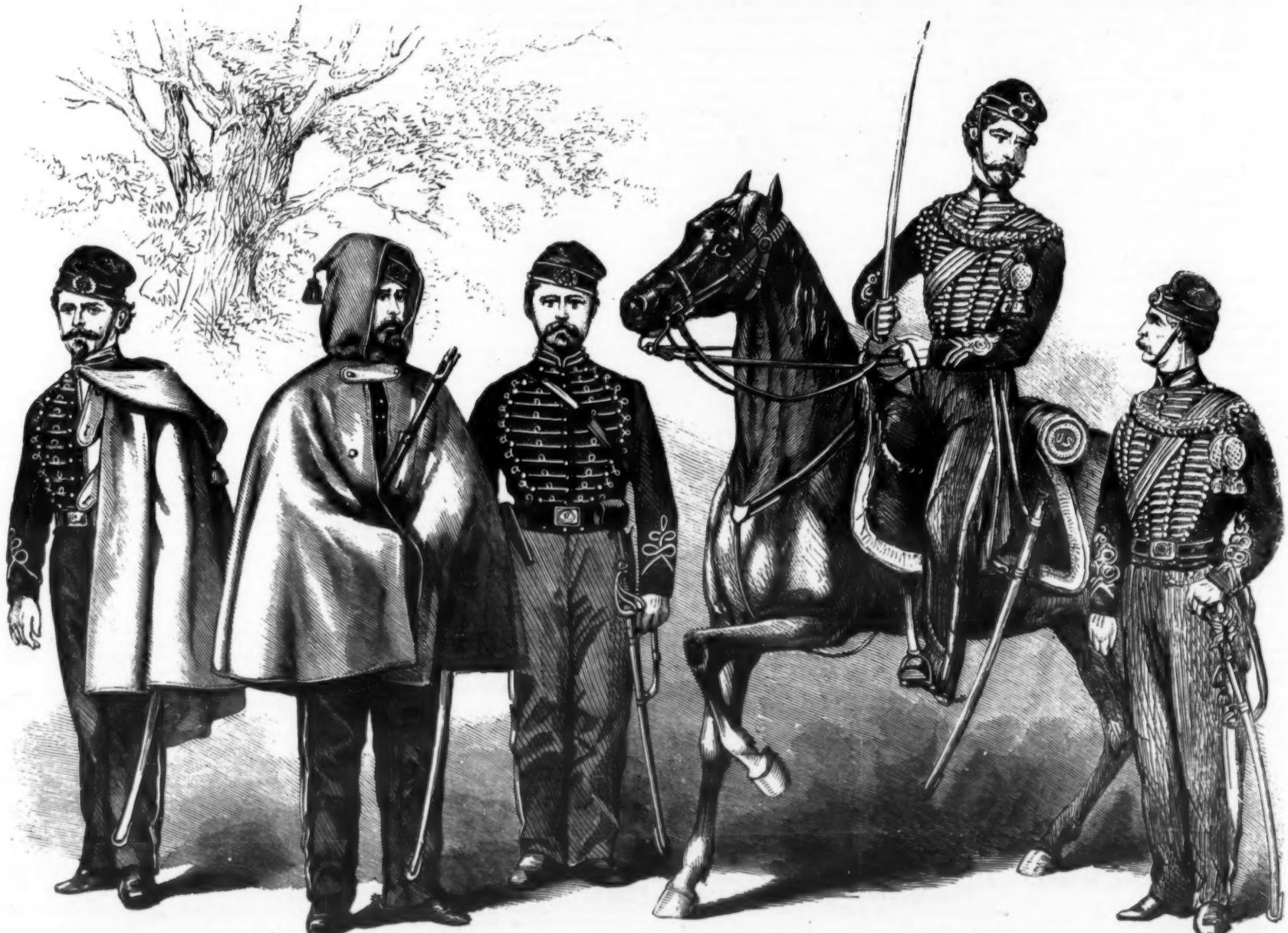
The General promised to give the 26th a chance to distinguish itself, and our gallant Colonels departed satisfied. The distance between the road in which we lay and the bottom of the hill on which the rebel batteries were situated was probably three-fourths of a mile, and these flats were seamed with three ditches beside the railroad cut, which was quite deep. Another deep ditch was situated at the foot of the rebel ridge, in which were concealed the enemy's riflemen. To the 2d Vermont, 26th New Jersey and a regiment from the light brigade was assigned the arduous task of storming the enemy's position. The 26th was on the left, the 2d Vermont in the centre, and a Pennsylvania regiment on the right. I never could believe it possible that we could storm those heights, fortified as they were, when the veterans of many a hard-fought field had twice been repulsed from them while in their crude state. A splendid brick house lay on the side of the hill, directly in our front, and behind it a battery of bright brass pieces was belching shell and solid shot toward us continually. We were ordered to charge a battery situated on the hill, a little to the right of a natural depression on the hillside, running parallel to the side of the house.

"At ten o'clock A.M. the signal for the charge was given. Our batteries were already piling the positions of the enemy with shell. 'Forward, 26th!' shouted the Colonel, and over the high bank we went at double quick. Hardly had we debouched upon the plain before the enemy's guns opened upon us, and the shot and shell were screaming above our ranks. With a yell, however, the boys pressed forward in line style, clearing the first ditch and still preserving a good line. Already the shrieks and heartrending groans of the wounded were heard, but the cheers overbalanced the groans. The shells howled above us with a more fearful energy, and we could hardly hear the commands of our Colonel, but could see him in front, almost standing in his stirrups, and bravely waving us onward. The railroad was passed.

"Once more the word was 'Forward!' and once more the regiment raised a shout and again broke forward at double quick. Another ditch was crossed—the plain was behind us—the men were out of breath and becoming exhausted. The rebels had obtained our range and were doing fearful execution in our ranks. The men began to scatter and drop upon the turf; the wounded shrieked pitifully, and dead men rolled upon the ground like logs of wood. The moment was an exciting one. 'Forward, boys!' shouted the Colonel, and the command was repeated by the Major. The incessant roar of artillery and the pitiless explosion of shells rendered it impossible for the orders to be clearly heard, and the men scattered, but still each one pressed individually towards the heights. 'Your brother is shot!' shouted one of the boys to me, and at the same moment a shell exploded so near that I absolutely thought my head was off. I had no time to think. We were going at a right-angle past an old barn and house.

"Three-quarters of the distance was passed. The regiment was much scattered, despite the gallant efforts of its field officers. Shells were exploding every second above them; the rebel riflemen had opened upon us from the ditch at the foot of the hill and a tempest of grape and canister were rained upon us from above. It was too much. The column of brave Jerseymen reeled like a ship in a storm, and the officer of the picket line implored our Colonel to fall back ere it was too late, as the attempt to storm the batteries must prove futile. Faster and faster fell the iron tempest, and symptoms of a break became discernible. But no; the 2d Vermont had reached the ditch on our right and were gallantly cheering us on. With one last yell of determined energy the men pressed forward, drove the sharpshooters from the ditch, and mounted the hill, carrying everything before them. The rebels were flying in dismay and throwing away everything. Knapsacks, blankets and equipments were strewn through the woods. The heights of Fredericksburg were ours! We chased the enemy for nearly a mile.

(Continued on page 254.)



THE FIRST UNITED STATES HUSSARS, NOW RAISING AT TRENTON, N. J.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

ED NEWSPAPER.



21 22

23

24 25

26



"Col. Morrison dashed into the enemy as if he heading a charge of cavalry. One of the rebel prisoners told me that over 40 shots were fired at the man on the white-faced horse. After the fight the boy hastily went through the rebel knapsacks, and then returned to their own, which they had left in the middle of the road, near the bank of the river. Thus closed the first engagement of the 27th."

THE BRITISH NATION ANALYZED.

ACCORDING to the British census volume for 1861, there were then in the workhouse a half-pay officer, a clergyman, 10 solicitors, 15 surgeons, an author, 65 schoolmasters, and 79 schoolmistresses. Not merely poor, but in prison for debt, were 12 officers in the army, 3 in the navy, 9 clergymen or ministers, 4 barristers, 32 solicitors, 2 physicians, 13 surgeons, 2 authors, 17 schoolmasters, 2 actuaries, 13 schoolmistresses, 10 "gentlemen." Still worse off, in lunatic asylums there were 85 clergymen, 10 ministers, 103 half-pay officers, 23 barristers, 60 solicitors, 5 physicians, 61 surgeons, 3 authors, 54 schoolmasters, and 50 schoolmistresses. According to the occupation list, 45 men called themselves natural philosophers, 1 described himself as a lexicographer, another as a chronologist, and 1 wrote himself down "orator." Of others we have rather mysterious accounts—3 were glyptographers, 2 geometers, 9 kantulic manufacturers, 8 turners, 33 boot-leggers, 10 peddlers, 20 mungo merchants, 12 beetle-makers, 42 gold-miners, and 2 toothpick-makers. Much has been said respecting occupations open to women. The enumerators found, in 1861, among the women of England 10 bankers, 7 money-lenders, 27 commercial clerks, 25 commercial travellers, 54 brokers, 38 merchants, 29 farriers, 419 printers, 3 shepherds, 43,904 agricultural laborers, 13 ladies were doctors, 2 were bone-setters, 6 were reporters or short-hand writers, 3 parish clerks, 4 choristers, 4 teachers of elocution, 7 dentists, 2 knackers, 3 conjurors, 1 astronomer, 8 naturalists."

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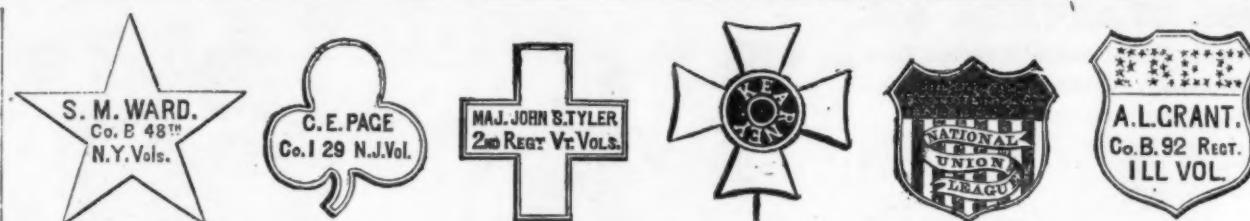
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